

THE ATHENÆUM

Journal of English and Foreign Literature, Science, and the Fine Arts.

No 414.

LONDON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 3, 1835.

PRICE
FOURPENCE.

(*) This Journal is published every Saturday Morning, and is received, by the early Coaches, at Birmingham, Manchester, Liverpool, Dublin, Glasgow, Edinburgh, and all other large Towns; but for the convenience of persons residing in remote places, or abroad, the weekly numbers are issued in Monthly Parts, stitched in a wrapper, and forwarded with the Magazines to all parts of the World.

(JAMES HOLMES, TOOK'S COURT.)

REVIEWS

Memoirs of Lieutenant-General Sir Thomas Picton, G.C.B.; including his Correspondence. By H. B. Robinson. 2 vols. Bentley.

PICTON was a bold and gallant soldier—"le plus brave des braves"—but that he was a hero according to the fine old chivalrous definition, as significant as simple, "*brave et tendre*," admits of question. While we do all honour to his stern unflinching courage, and his high professional merit—while we read of his reiterated feats of daring with something like breathless wonder—our admiration is not blended with any feeling which brings him close to our hearts. It is true, that something of the coldness with which we have closed this book may be attributed to its compiler, for it is merely a compilation—and the few new anecdotes and letters which it contains are but in meagre proportion with twenty-times told tales of the operations of the Peninsular campaign, many of which are quotations. If, in Sir Thomas Picton's life, there was anything beyond active military service, his biographer has done him wrong; we are told, indeed, that we must give his hero credit for kind as well as stern feelings, but we see that he was much more feared than loved, and the tone of this book throughout is more apologetic than panegyric.

Sir Thomas Picton was born at Poyston, in the county of Pembroke, in 1758—a younger son, but entitled to a competence on the death of his mother. The profession of arms was chosen by himself, and in December, 1771, he obtained an ensigncy in the twelfth regiment of Foot, though his appointment, as was customary in those days, was merely nominal for the first two years, as far as regarded service, and for six, as concerned pay. We have not a single anecdote of his boyish years; he appears to have devoted himself with a lover's ardour to the discipline and technicalities of his profession, and to have derived much valuable instruction from his uncle, Lieutenant-Colonel William Picton, under whom he served. In March, 1777, he was promoted to a Lieutenancy, and, weary of the garrison duty of Gibraltar, where his regiment was stationed, he exchanged into the seventy-fifth, being gazetted Captain in January, 1778. By this exchange, he lost the very opportunity he so much desired, of seeing active service, being thereby prevented from bearing a part in the memorable siege of Gibraltar, which took place a few months after.

The next five years were spent in provincial towns and home garrisons. In 1783, when the reduction in the army took place, the seventy-fifth regiment was quartered at Bristol; the preparations for disbanding caused great dissatisfaction, which presently rose to mutiny.

"Affairs were in this alarming state before information was brought to Captain Picton of

any disorder having occurred; he then, however, hastened to the scene of confusion and tumult. Having singled out in an instant the most active of the mutineers, he drew his sword, and without a moment's hesitation rushed into the midst of them, seized him, and dragged him forth from amongst his comrades, when he was immediately taken by some non-commissioned officers who had followed their captain, and placed under arrest. This decisive act daunted the prisoner's mutinous companions, and they saw him in silence led off to the guard-house."

For this good service, the thanks of the King were conveyed to Picton, by Field-Marshal Conway, with a promise of early promotion—a promise which, it would seem, was forgotten as soon as made. Upon the disbanding of his regiment, he retired into Pembrokeshire upon half pay. Here he remained for twelve years, passing his time, as his brother tells us, "in the enjoyment of the sports of the field, in studying the classics, but more particularly in perfecting himself in the art of war." In 1793, on the breaking out of the war, he applied repeatedly for employment; but, being weary of polite and evasive answers, he, towards the end of 1794, embarked for the West Indies, on the chance of his procuring an appointment from Sir John Vaughan, then Commander-in-Chief on that station, to whom he was slightly known. His wishes were at once gratified; Sir John was glad to receive him as his confidential aide-de-camp, appointing him, at the same time, to the seventeenth Foot; and from thence, presently promoting him to a majority in the sixty-eighth regiment, with the appointment of Deputy Quartermaster-General. On the death of his patron, in 1795, Picton being superseded, was preparing to return to England, when a casual introduction to Sir Ralph Abercromby, who came out to replace Sir John Vaughan, changed his intentions, and—fatally for the peace of his mind for many future years—detained him in that quarter of the globe. He assisted Sir Ralph as volunteer aide-de-camp in the attack on St. Lucia, in which action we find also the name of Sir John Moore as Brigadier-General. The services which Picton performed in this affair were rewarded by his being appointed to the lieutenant-colonelcy of the fifty-sixth regiment. He next took part in the attack upon St. Vincent; and, on the close of the campaign, accompanied his new friend to Europe. Towards the end of the year 1797, they returned together to the West Indies, soon after which the expedition against Trinidad was undertaken, which, it will be remembered, terminated in the reduction of that island, and the appointment of Picton as governor. "Colonel Picton," said Sir Ralph Abercromby, in nominating him to his important trust, "if I knew any officer who, in my opinion, would discharge the duties annexed to the situation better than you, I would have given it to him: there are no thanks due to me."

We shall touch lightly upon his adminis-

tration in Trinidad, the subsequent charges brought against him by Colonel Fullarton, and the minute and harassing investigations which ensued: it is a profitless and painful task to rake up the controversies of past years, respecting which the interest and the patience of the public have long been exhausted. The strongest point of accusation, it will be remembered, was his having sanctioned, indeed ordered, a Creole, Luise Calderon, to be subjected to torture. We can readily believe, that this may have been slighter and less humiliating than many of the punishments hourly inflicted upon evildoers in England; we admit the full force of the explanation offered by Picton on his trial, and here repeated as conclusive and exculpatory—namely, that he was compelled to govern the refractory and heterogeneous population of the conquered island by Spanish law; still, we cannot imagine any circumstances under which so odious an engine of injustice as compulsory confession could be resorted to, by an Englishman, without involving decided moral guilt. But we have no inclination to linger on the subject. Ere we leave Trinidad, however, we must extract one trait thoroughly characteristic of the man. Under Colonel Picton's government, that island had become so formidable as a commercial rival to the neighbouring continent, that the Governors of Caracas and Guyana, offered a reward of twenty thousand dollars for his head. He replied to the announcement in the following caustic note:

"Trinidad, 25th January, 1799.

"Sir,—Your excellency has highly flattered my vanity by the very handsome value which you have been pleased to fix upon my head. Twenty thousand dollars is an offer which would not discredit your royal master's munificence!

"As the trifle has had the good fortune to recommend itself to your excellency's attention, come and take it, and it will be much at your service: in expectation of which, I have the honour to be, &c.

(Signed) THOMAS PICTON."

"His Excellency, Don Pedro Carbonelli, Governor-general, Caracas."

The protracted trial to which Picton was subjected, tested the affection of some of his relations, and procured him friends; for we find that his uncle assisted him, liberally, in supporting his heavy expenses, and that the Duke of Queensberry was so convinced of his innocence, as to make an offer of a similar kind, and seek, unsolicited, for his personal acquaintance. The long-drawn detail of these matters leads us through more than half of Mr. Robinson's first volume; we are heartily glad to exchange them for stirring scenes of the campaign, though these we almost know by heart: it will be sufficient for us to note, that General Picton served at Walcheren, and that shortly after his return to England, and recovery from the fever, we find him joining the Peninsular army.

Presuming that our readers are sufficiently familiar with the annals of that brilliant campaign, in which the "fighting division,"

headed by Picton, endured so many of the severest trials, and brought home the brightest honours, we will spare them the weariness of following Mr. Robinson, second-hand, in his details of the battles of Busaco, &c., and only glean from the further pages of his book such scenes and anecdotes as strike us as new. At Busaco, we find our hero in the heat of the battle, strangely enough caricatured:—

"After General Picton had made every disposition for the reception of the enemy, and visited the particular posts occupied by his division, as narrated in the preceding letter, having been awake the whole night, a short time before the day broke he wrapped himself in his cloak, put on a coloured nightcap, (his usual custom,) and after giving orders to some of his staff that he might be called upon the least alarm, he stretched himself upon the ground to snatch a short repose. * * Brief, however, were his slumbers; the sound of musketry on the left suddenly aroused him; when, throwing off his cloak, and putting on his hat, he sprang into his saddle, and was the next moment at the head of his troops defending the pass of Saint Antonio. From thence, when this point was secured, he galloped to the spot where the enemy had obtained a partial success. Here his presence retrieved the lost ground; he rallied the retreating troops, and urged them again to the attack. Major Smith placed himself at their head, and fell leading the attack. Picton, at the same time, placed himself at the head of a Portuguese battalion: the eyes of the men were fixed upon him as he cried 'Forward!' and pointed towards the foe. When arrived within a few yards, with some encouraging words and a loud 'hurrah,' he gave the word to charge, and at the same moment taking off his hat, he waved it over his head, totally unconscious that it was still covered by his nightcap. His appearance at this moment was sufficiently grotesque, and caused much merriment."

The following is also characteristic of the man; he was careless of everything, save fighting; always in his element where the battle was thickest and most perilous:—

"He was in the constant habit of riding with a stick in his hand, and even in the heat of battle he sometimes retained it. When the firing commenced, he might be observed tapping the mane of his horse, at measured intervals, in proportion to its rapidity; as it became quicker, and the fight grew warmer, this movement of the stick would be increased both in velocity and force, until at length the horse would become restive. But this seldom drew Picton's attention off, as his firm seat saved him from all apprehension of a fall."

With a leader so stern, so fiery, and so collected, it is not surprising that his division performed prodigies of valour: he was daunted by no peril; he was satisfied by no excuse; and peremptory in his demands, as the anecdote which, though an old one, we shall now extract, sufficiently testifies:—

"During the Peninsular war, when provisions were rather difficult to be obtained, a young and dandified commissary had been instructed to supply the rations for the third division at a given place by a certain time; but by some mismanagement this officer forgot to fulfil his engagement, and the division was in consequence left to its own resources, which were bad enough. A report of this neglect was brought to General Picton, and he forthwith sent for the commissary. 'Well, sir,' commenced Picton, as he came in, 'where are the rations for my division?' This being the very question that the commissary was not prepared to answer, he hesitated for a short time, and then stammered out some well-worn

excuse. Picton was not, however, to be cajoled by excuses while his men were kept with empty stomachs; so he led the alarmed commissary to the door, and, pointing, said, 'Do you see that tree?'—'Yes, sir,' was the reply, 'Well now,' continued Picton, 'if you don't get the rations for my division at the place mentioned by twelve o'clock to-morrow, I will hang you up there at half-past.' He was then released, when he proceeded forthwith to Lord Wellington, and told him, with an appearance of injured dignity, of General Picton's threat; but the commissary was dreadfully alarmed when his Lordship coolly remarked, 'Ah! he said he'd hang you, did he?'—'Yes, my lord.' 'Well, if General Picton said so, I dare say he will keep his word. You'd better get the rations up in time.' Further advice was unnecessary—the rations were there to the moment."

His addresses to the men were brief, impressive, and sometimes characteristic—as for instance, the pithy harangue (quoted from 'The Sabaltery') at Ciudad-Rodrigo, to that strange, irregular, *dare-devil* body of men, the eighty-eighth (Connaught Rangers). "Rangers of Connaught! it is not my intention to expend any powder this evening, we'll do the business with the *could iron*."

But, though we have no intention of tracing out the events of the Peninsular campaign, we cannot but pause a moment to commemorate the almost superhuman gallantry of the "fighting division" at the storming of Badajoz, which, by gaining possession of the fortress, turned the dubious fortune of that awful day. At Salamanca, their General was less fortunate; he was confined to bed by fever; here is a tent scene and anecdote which we must extract:

"It was when recovering from this illness that the following little incident occurred. His natural irritability was, as may be imagined, augmented by his bodily suffering and mental inquietude. His aide-de-camp, Lieutenant Tyler, accompanied by a subaltern officer in the Ninety-fifth foot, one morning rather hastily entered his apartment. Both these officers were very young men, full of spirits, and easily excited."

"Tyler, who was in constant attendance upon the general, familiar with his habits, and accustomed to his singularities, immediately accosted him with, 'Well, general, how do you do today?' but the other was struck with the singular appearance of the emaciated invalid, as, raising himself on his arm, he displayed his pale and haggard features beneath a nightcap of more than ordinary dimensions. Picton was about to make some reply to Tyler's inquiry, when just at that moment the risible propensities of Mr. C— overcame every control, made him burst out into a loud and rather boisterous fit of laughter. The general instantly fixed his fiery glance upon the unfortunate C—; he did not ask the cause of his ill-timed mirth; but, in spite of his debility, made an effort to leave the bed, in all probability to wreak his fury upon the culprit; but he was too weak, and he sank back. His rage was, however, so great that, finding it impossible to take personal vengeance, he insisted upon the now repentant ensign quitting the room, in terms too strong to hazard a moment's delay. After his retreat, Tyler attempted to pacify the irritated general; but it was no easy task, and he therefore left him."

"Shortly after this event, Ensign C— returned to England, when he entered the Foot Guards, and Picton did not see him again until the battle of Waterloo; when, on the 16th, riding over a part of the field occupied by his division, he saw the enemy in possession of a hill, which rather affected the security of his position. He was near some battalions under

arms at the moment, and resolved to employ them in driving the enemy from this post."

"Who commands these battalions?" he cried out in his usual loud, but sharp tone. 'I do,' said now Lieutenant-colonel C—. Picton recognized him in an instant. 'How do you do, General Picton?' continued the colonel; 'I am glad to see you looking so well.'—'No time for compliments now, sir,' sharply responded Picton; 'lead your men against that hill, and take it.' This was no easy undertaking; the enemy's numbers were about four to one of the English; but the colonel had his orders, and away he went, fully determined to execute them to the letter. Picton's attention was almost immediately directed to other points of the field, and he had probably forgotten all about C— and the hill, when that officer rode up, and, as he waved a salute, said, 'I have taken the hill, general.' Picton fixed his eyes upon him for a moment, and then without a word rode off with his staff. They never met again."

He was obliged to return to England to recruit his strength, and was most flatteringly received by the Prince Regent, who invested him with the Order of the Bath. But he could not be long contented at a distance from the field of action. It is pleasant to extract the scene which follows, as it leaves a more agreeable impression on the mind than any other in the volumes:—

"A distinguished officer, who was a witness of Picton's reception by his old soldiers, has communicated to us the following account of this interesting event:—'I was,' he says, 'much surprised one afternoon by hearing a kind of low whisper amongst the men of my regiment, who were at the time amusing themselves in a variety of different ways. This whisper was quickly increased to a more general commotion, as they all set off in the direction to which their attention had been drawn, at first walking, and then running a kind of race, as each tried to distance the others in first reaching the point of their destination. For awhile I was quite at a loss to account for this sudden movement; but at length I discerned at some distance several mounted officers riding slowly towards our quarters. Curiosity led me to follow the men; but long before I could reach the spot, the approaching horsemen were surrounded by the soldiers, who had now collected from all directions, and were warmly greeting them with loud and continued cheers. As I came nearer, I soon recognized General Picton. Many of the men were hailing him with most gratifying epithets of esteem, one of which in particular struck me: this was, 'Here comes our brave old father!' The general seemed much gratified, and smiled upon them with a look of unaffected regard. I was not forgotten or unnoticed. His eagle eye in one moment was fixed upon me, and holding out his hand, he observed, 'Ah! my young friend; what! you come to meet me too!' Nearly the whole division collected before he reached his quarters; and thus surrounded by his delighted soldiers, he returned to lead them on again to a still more splendid career of victory."

We once thought of extracting a letter to Colonel Pleydel, to whom most of the correspondence here published is addressed, in which Sir Thomas Picton gives his own account of the battle of Vittoria: but, like all the rest, it is so plain, and though well-written, so little characteristic, that we doubt its being generally interesting—the circumstances of that engagement being already familiar as by-words—and prefer the account of an eye witness:—

"During this struggle on the right, the centre was inactive. General Picton was impatient; he inquired of several aides-de-camp who came

near him from head-quarters, whether they had any orders for him? His soldiers were anxiously waiting to advance: Picton knew the spirit of his men, and had some difficulty in restraining it. As the day wore on, and the fight waxed warmer on the right, he became furious, and observed to an officer who communicated these particulars, 'D—n it! Lord Wellington must have forgotten us.' It was near noon, and the men were getting discontented, for the centre had not yet been engaged; Picton's blood was boiling, and his stick was going with rapid strokes upon the mane of his cob; he was riding backwards and forwards, looking in every direction for the arrival of an aide-de-camp, until at length one galloped up from Lord Wellington. He was looking for the seventh division, under Lord Dalhousie, which had not yet arrived at its post, having had to move over some difficult ground. The aide-de-camp riding up at speed, suddenly checked his horse and demanded of the general whether he had seen Lord Dalhousie. Picton was disappointed; he expected now at least that he might move; and, in a voice which did not gain softness from his feelings, he answered in a sharp tone, 'No, sir! I have not seen his Lordship; but have you any orders for me, sir?'—'None,' replied the aide-de-camp.—'Then pray, sir,' continued the irritated general, 'what are the orders you do bring?'—'Why,' answered the officer, 'that as soon as Lord Dalhousie, with the seventh division, shall commence an attack upon that bridge,' (pointing to one on the left,) 'the fourth and sixth are to support him.' Picton could not understand the idea of any other division fighting in his front; and, drawing himself up to his full height, he said to the astonished aide-de-camp with some passion, 'You may tell Lord Wellington from me, sir, that the third division under my command shall in less than ten minutes attack the bridge and carry it, and the fourth and sixth divisions may support if they choose.' Having thus expressed his intention, he turned from the aide-de-camp, and put himself at the head of his soldiers, who were quickly in motion towards the bridge; encouraging them, according to the words of an amusing writer, with the bland appellation of 'Come on, ye rascals!—come on, ye fighting villains!'"

At the close of the Peninsular War, Sir Thomas Picton received the well-deserved thanks of Parliament for his brilliant services; and this strong man, a second Talus with his iron flail, was utterly unnerved as he rose to stammer out his acknowledgments of this public honour. But we are elsewhere told, and the fact is curious, that on "being present when the celebrated Ireland threw a somerset over a dozen grenadiers standing at 'present arms,' with fixed bayonets, he trembled like a leaf, and held his head down while Ireland jumped; nor did he look up until he had first asked, 'Has he done it?' When assured he had, he said, 'A battle is nothing to that.'"

It appears as if he had now resolved to retire from active service. He withdrew to his estate in Wales, and was elected Member of Parliament. (Mr. Robinson—a curious piece of negligence—has omitted to remind us where he obtained his seat.) In the year 1815, he was elevated to the rank of Knight Grand Cross, the last and highest honour bestowed upon him; whilst many of his companions in arms had been rewarded with peerages for services, to say the least of them, not more distinguished than his:—

"His own spirited remark, when a friend asked him why his name was omitted amongst the new creation of peers, is characteristic of the man: 'If the coronet were lying on the crown

of a breach, I should have as good a chance as any of them,' was his reply; and the world will now admit that there was no vanity in the assertion."

When Napoleon returned from Elba, however, it was impossible for Sir Thomas Picton to remain unemployed, and after some slight delay, caused by a resolution on his part, not to serve under any other general officer than the Duke of Wellington, he repaired to the Netherlands. A distinct and grave foreboding, that he was never to return to England, possessed his mind. He spoke of his impression to his friends, and arranged all his affairs with the diligence of one who knows his days are numbered, and before he left England, expressed a wish, that if he fell, "he might not be forgotten, but receive the same distinctions that had been conferred on other officers who had died in the service of their country." He embarked on Ostend on the 13th of June 1815, and, before one short fortnight had elapsed, was numbered among the brave who fell at Waterloo. It was not known, till after his death, that he had entered into the battle in a disabled state, two of his ribs having been broken in the engagement of the previous day; but he had concealed the circumstance from every one save his old servant, who bound up his wound for him, lest he should be solicited to absent himself from action. His body was brought to London, and buried in the family vault in the burial-ground of St. George's, Hanover Square; but a monument was erected to his memory in St. Paul's Cathedral, by his grateful countrymen, and subsequently another by subscription at Carmarthen.

We regret that we cannot say a good word for his biographer. The materials with which he has been furnished have been carelessly put together, and he has been far too liberal in drawing upon other writers.

The Philosophy of Morals. By A. Smith, M.A. 2 vols. London: Smith & Elder.

ETHICAL Science comprehends two important questions, which, though perfectly distinct, have been confounded by some of the most acute metaphysicians;—what is the ultimate criterion between right and wrong?—and what is the nature of the mental operation by which we perceive moral distinctions? Mr. Smith has applied a minute and extended analysis to the investigation of both, and whatever doubts may be entertained of the validity of his conclusions, few will question the excellence of his method. It would be impossible in the pages of a review to examine the various accounts that have been given of the faculties and the standards employed in the determination of right and wrong, to compare one metaphysical theory with another, to decide between rival solutions of the most important problems that can engage the human mind; our critical duty will be best discharged by laying before our readers a brief summary of Mr. Smith's views.

That we have a perception of a distinction between right and wrong is an undoubted fact; the first question that arises is, whether we perceive this distinction by some special faculty, meaning by faculty a power or capacity of mind, of a definite nature, and having specific functions—or is this operation

performed by a general faculty, exercising itself in a specific mode? In other words, have we a moral sense, a mental power exclusively limited to the determination of moral propositions,—or does reason guide us in approbation and disapprobation as in other ordinary exertions of judgment?

To solve this question Mr. Smith begins by examining how far the words *good* and *approvable* are applied to actions in an invariable sense; he shows that these general terms are used with great diversity of signification, and that the more specific terms which they comprehend, *fit*, *virtuous*, *meritorious*, and *obligatory*, are by no means of interchangeable application. If the more fit action may not be the more meritorious, it follows that one action may be at the same time better and not better than another, and, consequently, goodness is not constituted by a single common quality. If this reasoning be correct, approbation and disapprobation cannot be regarded as mere emotions, but as judgments pronounced by reason, with more or less deliberation, according to the complexity of the action. Mr. Smith ably defends the validity of this conclusion, and shows, that the contrary hypothesis maintained by our greatest metaphysicians, especially Dr. Brown, Dr. Smith, and Sir James Mackintosh, is inadequate to explain the phenomena.

Mr. Smith next traces the source of moral perceptions to the essential nature of mind: for this purpose he shows that the rational faculty consists not merely in forming a conception, but in discovering what that conception necessarily involves or implies. Thus the conception of pleasure involves the notion of a sentient being, of certain emotions excited in that being, the inference that pleasure is the state in which a sentient being ought to exist. Thus it would follow, that the very first principle of morals is evolved by reason from the mere conception of pleasure, namely, "it is fit that every sentient being should be happy rather than miserable." The analysis of the complete notion of a moral action still further proves that reason pronounces judgment on all its parts.

Having thus shown that ethical science lies wholly within the dominions of reason, Mr. Smith next investigates the first principles of moral truth, and the obligations or duties imposed upon man as a moral agent. He then examines the theory of civil government, and the rights of property, showing that both result from the principles he had already established.

In the second division of his investigations, the determination of the standard by which we judge of right and wrong, Mr. Smith draws a distinction between virtue and merit. The virtue of an agent is something in his nature or disposition; the merit of an agent is in his will, it is something attributed to him for the manner of his choice; the absolute rectitude of an agent is something in the issue or result of his agency. He applies this distinction to elucidate many controverted points in ethics and theology, but we could wish that he had eschewed the latter subject, because it is likely to divert his readers from the proper object of the work. He then proceeds to show that utility in a more or less restricted sense is the source of all our moral notions, and defends Paley's theory from the violent attacks that have

been made upon it. We have always regarded the utilitarian controversy as a mere dispute about words; the whole matter is determined by defining what is meant by utility, for it will be found that the opponents of the theory restrict its application to the action, while its supporters include the effect produced by that action. If the theory were thus stated, "Every effect is of utility that is more or less beneficial,—every action is of utility that produces such an effect,"—few, we believe, would hesitate in declaring that the utility of actions is the only principle by which their obligation can be demonstrated.

The author next proceeds to investigate the general character of excellence in a living being, which he shows not to be wholly compounded of moral qualities. This is a topic hitherto almost untouched, and it is examined with great skill and felicity of analysis. Finally, he examines the connexion between morality and religion, and advocates the sufficiency of the arguments for the Divine origin of Christianity.

We have been gratified by the perusal of these volumes, not only on account of their intrinsic merits, but also because they afford a proof of the increased attention that is now given to mental and moral science. For the same reason, we received with pleasure a new edition of Dr. Brown's 'Essay on the Relations of Cause and Effect,' a copy of which lies before us.

Parliamentary History of the French Revolution, (Histoire, &c.) By J. B. Bouchez and F. C. Roux. Vols. I. to X. Paris: Paulin. London: Bossange.

It has been urged against modern historians, that they generally write for a party, and falsify facts for the purpose of giving a colouring to history favourable to their own political opinions. This objection is partially true, and the practice, when carried to excess, cannot be too severely reprobated, as a source of at least temporary error. The evil, however, tends to its own cure; for, by so doing, retaliation is provoked and curiosity awakened, till public opinion eventually settles down at the point accordant with truth and justice. But within the bounds of honour and conscience, a political, or rather philosophical, frame-work does good service to history, by co-ordinating its facts, and by giving a moral completeness to the narrative. As it was not permitted to the citizens of an ancient republic to remain neuter between its factions, so neither is a writer to be commended for preserving a cool indifference to the great interest of humanity, or for considering the history of any fragment of mankind to be without a moral.

The objection, however, whatever weight it may be entitled to, will not hold against the work of Messrs. Bouchez and Roux, which is substantially a collection of documentary evidence; a reprint of the debates in the several legislative assemblies, taken from the best contemporary authorities, and illustrated by reports of discussions and proceedings in the revolutionary clubs, and the *procès verbaux* of the tribunals. We are, in reading it, made as it were contemporary with the events. It is needless to add, that such a work must have great historical value.

We should perhaps observe, that the first volume contains a summary of the history of France, from the foundation of the monarchy, to 1789. This essay is little to our taste; it is dreamy and inconclusive; and many of the opinions advanced, must, when pushed to their consequences, have been the current babble with our fifth monarchy men two centuries ago. But the mistaken views of the writers in the preliminary essay, in no way affect the value of the work itself.

Scandinavian Sketches, or a Tour in Norway. By Lieut. Breton, R.N. J. Bohn.

We are free to acknowledge a milkiness of disposition (by no means the foible of critics), which inclines us to view with partiality every word and work of an English tar. Notwithstanding his proverbial roughness, we cannot approach him, though wholly unknown, without a glow of friendly regard; we respect him too, though the log-book furnish the amount of his literature, the compass his whole circle of science. Nay, the sly humour with which he retails our land jokes that come to him a year old, like the newest London fashions to Shetland—his attempts now and then at fine writing, to show his scholarship,—and the pride he takes in posing us with his merman lingo on all nautical subjects—only endear his character to us the more, by displaying its unworldliness and total incapacity for artifice. Prepossession apart, however, there is among seamen generally a hardness of enterprise and an honesty in narrating it, which recommend their travels, when those of writers, perhaps superior, are tedious from the beaten walk they have kept to, or their efforts to trick it out with hot-house flowers. Lieut. Breton's scene of adventure is indeed a little more expansive in name than reality, Scandinavia including the whole north of Europe; but he could not eschew the tempting alliteration of his title; and sailors, as we have hinted, are not often profound logicians. Our author, indeed, is not precisely one of the log-book litterati above mentioned: he gives a historical account of the unions and disunions between Norway and the sister kingdoms; but instead of plunging our readers into that *Maelstrom* of politics, we prefer taking them a ramble after the tourist over the *Dals*, and *Elvs*, and *Fjelds*, and *Fjords* of this as yet most unknown among our many father-lands.

Lieut. B. found Christiania, the capital of Norway, dull, desert-like, and drear; very cold, the mercury falling at times to 30° below zero; and very hot too, so hot that, as Pontoppidan says, "it would make a raven gape." The shops mostly kept up stairs, out of sight, and their choice of goods but scant, the assortment at a saddler's, for example, "two saddles on a sofa." An university and mad-house. The surrounding region, eulogized by Coxe for its "mild beauties," not unlike Nova Scotia, rocky, monotonous, and gloomy. Coxe's head likewise in the clouds, where he talks of 'mountains capt with snow,' forasmuch as there are none to be seen, capped or bareheaded. Our traveller now sets out in a *carriole* towards the north: strongly reprobates the economy of feeding mutton in churchyards; rambles in search of brown bears, which are said to walk across tree-bridges "with a dead horse in their arms," and finds some Norsk boors in a *saeter* (or hut similar to a chalet,) whom he earnestly

recommends not to lick their spoons by way of cleanliness.

Kongsvinger iron mines very rich, containing from 50 to 70 per cent. of metal; cold here, sometimes 33° below zero, but still not so great as in a certain traveller's Norway, where you almost dread winking a moment lest your eyelids be "frozen together"! Some ten years since, a plague of *Lemmings* fell upon the land—it is thought from the clouds, (like the shower of fresh herrings in Scotland,) there was such a flood of them. Said lemmings are a kind of compromise between mice and rats, but with the predatory powers of locusts, and moreover celebrated for their pontifical craft, passing broadstreams on a bridge of their own backs, each hind-part dovetailed under the chin of a follower! Clouds of *mosquitos* at Moe, latitude 61°. Elks sometimes found from 15 to 17 hands high: when employed as post-horses, make 234 miles, it is said, per day! Never domesticated now, perhaps because they might bolt with the Drontheim mail-bag to Moscow.

At Roraa our traveller found sea-gulls, being the greatest distance (100 miles) from the coast he had ever observed them. A correspondent of the *Athenæum* (No. 371.) mentions them at Munich, which is certainly half as far again from the Adriatic. Roraa is the richest known copper mine: a miserable village in the region of perpetual snow, where hay is dried upon poles. Norwegian peasants in general mere funnels for brandy, and depôts for dirt: seem to have made a stout and successful resistance to the march of knowledge, inquiring if we have "any cows in England," as the still more impregnable Italians ask if we have any *sun* there? Our author "uncommonly struck" to hear the birds warble at midnight, and behold the sun at once setting and rising.

Trondhjem (Drontheim) regularly built and romantically situated: inhabitants (about 12,000) kind and hospitable; but six days quite sufficient to spend among them. From Kongsfold may be ascended the Sneehåten (snow-hat), whose crown is at least 7480 feet high, one among the loftiest in Norway. From the Lessee Vand are said to flow three streams in different directions; we invite the attention of geologists to this dubitability, which, however, is not vouched by Lieut. B., any more than the other marvels above enumerated. In the pass of Kringelen he sees the monument to Major Sinclair and his 700 Scots, who, on their march to join Gustavus Adolphus, were dashed to pieces like earthen vessels, by the mountaineers with crags from overhead. Norsk women very prolific, three at a birth being quite in fashion, and twenty-two in family a bagatelle.

After this pleasure-trip of 700 hundred miles, our scamew wings off again from Christiania, whisk across Norway, to Bergen, like a sparrow over a house, lest his life should "muddy for want of motion," and because (an equally cogent reason,) the angels on Jacob's ladder didn't "sit down," as he learns from the Edda. At Reien commences the Fille Fjeld, far beyond the Dovre Fjeld in bold and savage scenery; the pass of Leerdalsören not exceeded in magnificent beauty by the Simplon itself. Here is a firch, called Sogne Fjord, driven like a watery wedge 100 miles into the land. Its sides are nearly perpendicular, rising from 2000 to 4000 feet above the water, which is so deep and trans-

parent, in the Fjords generally, as to make boating like ballooning over another world below. Sour black rye bread, sour milk, and *flad brød*, (bannocks of oats and *hay*), are the most genial elements of repast found on this route, but our author insists that, beside the danger of semi-starvation, there is no other (as falsely represented) to be overcome. Bark bread he never obtained: smoked meat and fish rarely, throughout Norway. But it is no country for a *knapsack* tour.

Bergen looks better in a picture than in *propria*; the houses are of wood, and huddled together like swine in a storm, but nevertheless something neater than pig-styes—that is to say, *outside*. Within, naked and nasty. No “jackals or wolves chime with the watchmen” in their night-howls, as a romancing traveller affirms. On account of the numberless islets into which the western coast of Norway is crumbled, Suhm likens it to the fragments of a world in ruins. Our voyager here mistakes a seal for a sea-serpent, and conjectures that Pontoppidan, with his modern tail of monster-mongers, may have done the same. No specimen ever caught, save that by Thor and Giant Eymor, which moreover was let ‘scape, with the hook, after half-swamping their canoe. The Rothshire Kraken, one mile and a half long, endorsed with a regiment of tentacles, somewhat apocryphal; but M. Kriukoff’s red lion-snake, seen at Behring’s Isle, a choke-pear neither to be rejected nor swallowed. Norway booms arrived to a strange pitch of ignorance in statistics and topography: not half as intelligent on the matters as so many mile-stones, being scarce ever able to tell aught about even their own localities. Postmasters in general not the very pinks of politeness, and innkeepers by no means the miracles of self-denial: both are in fact (unsophisticated tenants of the Scandinavian Arcadia!) among the greatest rogues that ever ripped a purse, the greatest bullies that ever browbeat a wayfarer—legally.

Romsdal centres some of the finest scenery. Here our gallant heart-of-oak goes out to hunt a bear, and, finding a sketch of his paw on the snow, retreats, lest he should be hunted by him in turn. We have no doubt he would have faced a broadside of thunder-bombs; but Jack cannot always stand fast upon terra firma, especially when he comes athwart such a rough land-lubber as Bruin. Norse clergymen the very reverse of bears—urbane, erudite, and hospitable. Norwegian horses safer and sweeter-tempered than mules. It would appear they had some need of their meekness, for so narrow are the alpine tracks of Norway, that “when two persons on horseback meet at night, the only mode of escaping death, is for one to dismount, throw his horse over the cliff, and then cling to the side until the other has passed.” So runs the tale, and Lieut. B. himself avers, that there are ledges where a horseman can only dismount backwards, by slipping over the animal’s rear—a dangerous experiment.”

Traverses the central ridge of the Kingdom towards Christiania. Vettie Giel, one of the tremendous ravines for which Norway is renowned: “You are now in the Giel, traveller! God be with you!” is the ominous benediction when you are left to thread its precipitous obliquities. A man having died in Utledal, (which joins Vettie,) to convey the corpse to burial “it was set on horseback,

the legs tied under the horse’s belly, and made to lean forward on a bundle of hay in front: in this way rode the dead man over the mountains to his resting place!” The charms of seclusion!—No waterfalls in Norway comparable to those of Niagara: the Vorring Foss overrated at 800 feet high, though some travellers describe the mountains as having been turned into stone at the sight, and the surrounding barrenness as occasioned by the vegetables hiding their heads in terror! At Kongsberg, the silver mines produced 80,000*l.* net in 1833. Highly beautiful and romantic scenery along the Torrisdals and Otteren Elvs, or rivers, but neither time nor space allows us to follow our leader through his southern excursions. They are written in the same galloping style,—no doubt in the very echo of the traveller’s pace, for our old adage on beggars is not less true of a much more useful, as well as ornamental race,—“Put a sailor on horseback, and”—&c.

Nala and Damayanti; and other Poems.

Translated from the Sanscrit, by the Rev. H. H. Milman. Oxford: Talboys.

THE ancient poetry of Hindūstan is powerfully influential over society in that country; the Puranas, or poems descriptive of Indian mythology and traditional history, not only delight the imagination of the Hindūs, but regulate the ceremonials of their religious worship, and form the foundation of their creed. The most celebrated of these sacred epics is the Mahā Bhārata,† which consists of eighteen cantos, and of more than one hundred thousand *stokas* or distichs. Its principal subject is the history of the monarchs of Hastinapura, who, after being driven from the throne, endured countless miseries, but, at length, by the aid of Krishna, recovered their former state, and attained the highest prosperity.

Five episodes in this gigantic poem are named in India the five jewels. The first of these, the Bhagavat Gita, was translated by Sir Charles Wilkins fifty years ago: it was the first Sanscrit work translated into any European language, and its publication was mainly influential in directing the attention of scholars to the language and literature of India.

The second episode is the history of Nala and Damayanti, which has been translated into Latin, and partly into German, by Bopp, into Persian verse by Fuzei,‡ and from Persian into French by an anonymous author. Mr. Milman has, for the first time, given English readers an opportunity of estimating a production, which the ablest critics of Europe and Asia have vied with each other in praising for the purity of its sentiments, the richness of its imagery, and the interest of its narrative. He has adopted a metre differing but slightly from the Sanscrit *stoka*, and we think that he has no reason to regret having ventured on the experiment.

The tale of Nala is related by an Indian sage to an unhappy monarch, who, having been unfortunate with dice, had been sentenced to wander twelve years with his brethren in the forest. The adventures of Nala show how that king, having been similarly unlucky with dice, had endured miseries much worse than a forest-exile, and had

finally recovered his kingdom and wife. We shall give a brief outline of the story.

Nala, the best of monarchs, and handsomest of men, becomes enamoured of the princess Damayanti, whom he had never seen, because fame had reported her to be the most beautiful and modest of her sex. Her heart had been similarly touched, but means of communication were wanting to the lovers; and they are supplied unexpectedly to the enamoured prince.

Nala, in his heart impatient—longer that deep love to bear,
To the grove, in secret, wandered—by the palace’ inmost court.
There the swans he saw disporting—with their wings bedropped with gold:
Through the grove thus lightly moving—one of these bright birds he caught.
But the bird, in human language—thus the wondering king addressed:
‘Slay me not, O gentle monarch!—I will do thee service true;
So in Damayanti’s presence—will I praise Nishadha’s king,
Never after shall the maiden—think of mortal man but thee.’

The winged messenger faithfully performs his task, and the princess vows endless love to Nala. Damayanti’s father proclaims a solemn festival, at which his daughter should choose a bridegroom; kings and princes flock to the court of Berar; even celestial beings enter the lists, and Nala, on his road, encounters four of the gods among his rivals. The deities insist that he should bear their offers to the princess, and, after a severe struggle between love and piety, he obeys. Damayanti declares that she had chosen him for her lord, and that she would not resign him even for a deity. On the day of the festival the maiden is astonished by the appearance of five Nalas, each of the gods having taken her lover’s form; she addresses the deities in a supplicating hymn:—

With her voice and with her spirit—she her humble homage paid.
Folding both her hands and trembling—to the gods the maiden spake:
‘As when heard the swan’s sweet language—chose I then Nishadha’s king,
By this truth I here adjure ye—oh, ye gods, reveal my lord.
As in word or thought I swear not—from my faith, all-knowing powers,
By this truth I here adjure ye—oh, ye gods, reveal my lord.
As the gods themselves have destined—for my lord Nishadha’s king;
By this truth I here adjure ye—oh, ye gods, my lord reveal.
As my vow, so pledged to Nala—holily must be maintained,
By this truth I here adjure ye—oh, ye gods, my lord reveal.
Each the form divine assume ye—earth’s protectors, mighty lords;
So shall I discern my Nala—I shall know the king of men.’

The gods now assume their celestial attributes; Nala is chosen amidst the applause of the assembly, and his rivals, instead of feeling anger, load him with the most precious gifts.

On their return the gods meet Kali, a malignant demon, hastening to become a candidate for the hand of Damayanti; they inform him that he is too late, and he, in his rage, vows eternal vengeance against Nala. Twelve years elapsed, during which Nala was so regular in his devotional practices, that the evil spirit could gain no power over him. He was at length found tripping; the demon entered into his soul, his understanding became perverted; he is seized with a frantic passion for gaming, and loses to his unnatural brother his wealth, his kingdom, his palace, his very clothes.

† Great War.

‡ Abu’l Fazl’s brother.

He supplicates Damayanti to leave him alone in his misery; but she replies—

'How shall I depart and leave thee—in the wood by man untrod?
When thou sad and famine-stricken—thinkest of thy former bliss,
In the wild wood, oh, my husband,—I thy weariness will soothe.
Like a wife, in every sorrow—this the wise physicians own,
Healing herb is none or balsam—Nala, 'tis the truth I speak.'

But the evil spirit within the king prevails, and while the queen is asleep, he cuts off a portion of her robe, and abandons her half-naked in the desert.

Damayanti, supported only by love for her husband, encounters the most dreadful perils; a monstrous serpent seizes her; she is delivered by a huntsman, who soon proves a more dangerous foe, but she prays for divine succour, and he falls dead at her feet. The description of the forest scenery through which she continues her wanderings is characteristic.

Slain that savage wild-beast hunter—onward went the lotus-eyed,
Through the dread, and desert forest—ringing with the cricket's song;
Full of lions, parids, and tigers—stags, and buffalos, and bears,
Where all kinds of birds were flocking—and wild men and robbers dwelt.
Trees of every form and stature—every foliage, every name;
Pregiant with rich mines of metal—many a mountain it enclosed,
Many a shady resonant arbour—many a deep and wondrous glen;
Many a lake, and pool, and river—birds and beasts of every shape.
She, in forms terrific round her—serpents, elves, and giants saw:
Pools, and tanks of lucid water—and the shaggy tops of hills,
Flowing streams and headlong torrents—saw, and wondered at the sight.
And the princess of Vidarbha—gazed where in their countless herds,
Buffalos and bears were feeding—boars, and serpents of the wood,
Safe in virtue, bright in beauty—glorious and of high resolve,
Now alone, Vidarbha's daughter—wandering, her lost Nala sought.

After many perilous accidents by flood and field, she at length reaches the hospitable city of Chedi, where she is received under the protection of the queen mother.

Nala's adventures are more strange; he rescues the king of serpents from the tortures of enchantment, and the reptile monarch in return bites Nala's heel, by which the king's form is changed, and the evil spirit that possesses him is subjected to such tortures as to become weary of his habitation. Nala enters into the service of Rituparna, king of Ayodha, or Oude, as a charioteer, and drives him to the court of Berar, where Damayanti, recently restored to her father, was about to hold another festival, apparently to choose a second husband, but really in the hope of hearing some news of Nala. On their road, Nala learns from Rituparna the art of rapid calculation, and thus becomes more than a match for any competitor at dice; and at the same time, Kali, no longer able to bear the tortures inflicted by the serpent king, passes from his body, and solicits pardon.

As they enter the city, Damayanti, by the trampling of the steeds, recognizes her husband. She sends one of her attendants to interrogate the charioteer; and the account brought of his miraculous powers, confirms the suspicion of his being her husband in disguise. Nala, however, perseveres in his disguise, because Damayanti's proclamation of a festival to choose a second husband, na-

turally seemed to him a proof that her first love was forgotten. Damayanti sends for some of the food prepared by the charioteer, and at once recognizes Nala's cookery, just as in the Arabian tales Benreddin is discovered by putting pepper in his tarts. She next sends his children to the disguised charioteer, and Nala all but betrays himself to the messenger.

All his heart o'erflowed with pity—and unwilling tears broke forth.
Yet Nishadha's lord perceiving—she his strong emotion marked,
From his hold released the children—to Kesinia speaking thus:

'Oh! so like mine own twin children—was yon lovely infant pair,
Seeing them thus unexpected—have I broken out in tears?
If so oft thou comest hither—men some evil will suspect,
We within this land are strangers—beauteous maiden, part in peace.'

Damayanti at length goes in person to Nala; she explains the artifice she had employed, and a tender scene of reconciliation follows. Nala returns home, wins back all he had lost from Pushwara, pardons his guilty brother, and enjoys a long and happy reign.

Next to the Mahā Bhārata, the Ramayana is the most celebrated Hindū epic; from this Mr. Mēlman has translated the death of Yajnadatta; it describes the grief of a Brahmin and his wife for the accidental homicide of their son, and the penance of the slayer, who, having banished his son to gratify a malevolent wife, feels that his present grief is a punishment for his offence.

The remaining pieces in this volume, the Brahmin's Lament, and the Deluge, have been already translated by Bopp; they are less interesting than those we have noticed.

The notes at the end of the volume have been contributed by Professor Wilson; they will greatly assist in opening this new and untrodden field of literature to the English reader.

The New York Mirror. London: Rich.

Our promised notice of the American periodicals would have brought us in due course to this work, but the 'Pencilings by the Way,' of Mr. Willis, having excited a great deal of curiosity since the notice of them in the Quarterly, we are induced to change the order in which we had proposed to introduce them to our readers.

The *New York Mirror* is one of those periodicals to which we heretofore referred, containing frequently very capital papers, but in the general conduct and management of which there is a manifest want of matured judgment and defined purpose. Mr. Willis and Mr. Fay are the principal contributors, but both have been long absent from America. We cannot doubt, that, if either were on the spot, they would at once give a more equal and sustained—in fact, a more European character, to the work. We were startled months since, by the first of these Pencilings, but felt that there were objections to the publication, especially in this country. Now, however, that Mr. Macrone has announced the whole series, with additions by the author, as forthwith to appear, there can be no reason why we should not at once gratify the curiosity of our readers—taking care, of course, to omit such passages (there are but few) as might give pain to, or compromise any one—such, indeed, we are

sure Mr. Willis will strike out, when the proof sheets pass before him for revision. Our first will be an account of a visit to—

Gordon Castle—the Park—Duke of Gordon—Personal Beauty of the English Aristocracy.

"The last phaeton dashed away and my chaise advanced to the door. A handsome boy, in a kind of page's dress, immediately came to the window, addressed me by name, and informed me that his grace was out deer-shooting, but that my room was prepared, and he was ordered to wait on me. I followed him through a hall lined with statues, deer's horns, and armour, and was ushered into a large chamber, looking out on a park, extending with its lawns and woods to the edge of the horizon. A more lovely view never feasted human eye. * * *

"It was a mild, bright afternoon, quite warm for the end of an English September, and with a fire in the room, and a soft sunshine pouring in at the windows, a seat by the open casement was far from disagreeable. I passed the time till the sun set, looking out on the park. Hill and valley lay between my eye and the horizon; sheep fed in picturesque flocks; and small fallow deer grazed near them; the trees were planted, and the distant forest shaped by the hand of taste; and broad and beautiful as was the expanse taken in by the eye, it was evidently one princely possession. A mile from the castle wall, the shaven sward extended in a carpet of velvet softness, as bright as emerald, studded by clumps of shrubbery, like flowers wrought elegantly on tapestry; and across it bounded occasionally a hare, and the pheasants fed undisturbed near the thickets, or a lady with flowing riding-dress and flaunting feather, dashed into sight upon her fleet blood-palfrey, and was lost the next moment in the woods, or a boy put his poney to his mettle up the ascent, or a gamekeeper idled into sight with his gun in the hollow of his arm, and his hounds at his heels—and all this little world of enjoyment, and luxury, and beauty, lay in the hand of one man, and was created by his wealth in these northern wilds of Scotland, a day's journey almost from the possession of another human being. I never realized so forcibly the splendid results of wealth and primogeniture.

"The sun set in a blaze of fire among the pointed firs crowning the hills, and by the occasional prance of a horse's feet on the gravel, and the roll of rapid wheels, and now and then a gay laugh and merry voices, the different parties were returning to the castle. Soon after a loud gong sounded through the gallery, the signal to dress, and I left my musing occupation unwillingly to make my toilet for an appearance in a formidable circle of titled aristocrats, not one of whom I had ever seen, the duke himself a stranger to me, except through the kind letter of invitation lying upon the table.

"I was sitting by the fire, imagining forms and faces for the different persons who had been named to me, when there was a knock at the door, and a tall, white-haired gentleman, of noble physiognomy, but singularly cordial address, entered, with the broad red riband of a duke across his breast, and welcomed me most heartily to the castle. The gong sounded at the next moment, and, in our way down, he named over his guests, and prepared me in a measure for the introductions which followed. The drawing-room was crowded like a *soirée*. The duchess, a very tall and very handsome woman, with a smile of the most winning sweetness, received me at the door, and I was presented successively to every person present. Dinner was announced immediately, and the difficult question of precedence being sooner settled than I had ever seen it before in so large a party, we passed through files of servants to the dining-room.

"It was a large and very lofty hall, supported

at the ends by marble columns, within which was stationed a band of music, playing delightfully. The walls were lined with full-length family pictures, from old knights in armour to the modern dukes in kilt of the Gordon plaid; and on the sideboards stood services of gold plate, the most gorgeously massive, and the most beautiful in workmanship I have ever seen. There were, among the vases, several large courting-cups, won by the duke's hounds, of exquisite shape and ornament.

"I fell into my place between a gentleman and a very beautiful woman, of perhaps twenty-one, neither of whose names I remembered, though I had but just been introduced. The duke probably anticipated as much, and as I took my seat he called out to me, from the top of the table, that I had, upon my right, Lady —, 'the most agreeable woman in Scotland.' It was unnecessary to say that she was the most lovely.

"I have been struck everywhere in England with the beauty of the higher classes, and as I looked around me upon the aristocratic company at the table, I thought I never had seen 'heaven's image double-stamped as man and noble' so unequivocally clear. There were two young men and four or five young ladies of rank—and five or six people of more decided personal attractions could scarcely be found: the style of form and face at the same time being of that cast of superiority which goes by the expressive name of 'thorough-bred.' There is a striking difference in this respect between England and the countries of the continent—the *payzans* of France and the *contadini* of Italy being physically far superior to their degenerate masters; while the gentry and nobility of England differ from the peasantry in limb and feature as the racer differs from the dray-horse, or the greyhound from the cur. The contrast between the manners of English and French gentlemen is quite as striking. The *empressment*, the warmth, the shrug and gesture of the Parisian; and the working eyebrow, dilating or contracting eye, and conspirator-like action of the Italian in the most common conversation, are the antipodes of English high breeding. I should say a North American Indian, in his more dignified phase, approached nearer to the manner of an English nobleman than any other person. The calm repose of person and feature, the self-possession under all circumstances, that incapability of surprise or *déréglement*, and that decision about the slightest circumstance, and the apparent certainty that he is acting absolutely *comme il faut*, is equally 'gentlemanlike' and Indian-like. You cannot astonish an English gentleman. If a man goes into a fit at his side, or a servant drops a dish upon his shoulder, or he hears that the house is on fire, he sets down his wine-glass with the same deliberation. He has made up his mind what to do in all possible cases, and he does it. He is cold at a first introduction, and may bow stiffly (which he always does) in drinking wine with you, but it is his manner; and he would think an Englishman out of his senses, who should bow down to his very plate and smile as a Frenchman does on a similar occasion. Rather chilled by this, you are a little astonished, when the ladies have left the table, and he closes his chair up to you, to receive an invitation to pass a month with him at his country house, and to discover that at the very moment he bowed so coldly he was thinking how he should contrive to facilitate your plans for getting to him or seeing the country to advantage on the way.

"The band ceased playing when the ladies left the table, the gentlemen closed up, conversation assumed a merrier cast, coffee and *chasse-cœur* were brought in when the wines began to be circulated more slowly; and at eleven, there was a general move to the drawing-room. Cards,

ten, and music, filled up the time till twelve, and then the ladies took their departure, and the gentlemen sat down to supper. I got to bed somewhere about two o'clock; and thus ended an evening which I had anticipated as stiff and embarrassing, but which is marked in my tablets as one of the most social and kindly I have had the good fortune to record on my travels. I have described it—and shall describe others minutely—and I hope there is no necessity of reminding any one that my apology for thus disclosing scenes of private life has been already made. Their interest as sketches by an American of the society that most interest Americans, and the distance at which they are published, justify them, I would hope, from any charge of indelicacy.

"I arose late, and found the large party already assembled about the breakfast-table. I was struck on entering with the different air of the room. The deep windows, opening out upon the park, had the effect of sombre landscapes in oaken flames; the troops of liveried servants, the glitter of plate, the music, that had contributed to the splendour of the scene the night before, were gone; the duke sat laughing at the head of the table, with a newspaper in his hand, dressed in a coarse shooting-jacket and coloured cravat; the duchess was in a plain morning-dress and cap of the simplest character; and the high-born women about the table, whom I had left glittering with jewels and dressed in all the attractions of fashion, appeared with the simplest *coiffure* and a toilet of studied plainness. The ten or twelve noblemen present were engrossed with their letters or newspapers over tea and toast; and in them, perhaps, the transformation was still greater. The *soigné* man of fashion of the night before, faultless in costume and distinguished in his appearance, in the full force of the term, was enveloped now in a coat of fustian, with a coarse waistcoat of plaid, a gingham cravat, and hob-nailed shoes, (for shooting,) and in place of the gay hilarity of the supper-table, wore a face of calm indifference, and eat his breakfast and read the paper in a rarely broken silence. I wondered, as I looked about me, what would be the impression of many people in my own country, could they look in upon that plain party, aware that it was composed of the proudest nobility and the highest fashion of England.

"Breakfast in England is a confidential and unceremonious hour, and servants are generally dispensed with. This is to me, I confess, an advantage it has over every other meal. I detest eating with twenty tall fellows standing opposite, whose business it is to watch me. The coffee and tea were on the table, with toast, muffins, oat-cakes, marmalade, jellies, fish, and all the paraphernalia of a Scotch breakfast; and on the sideboard stood cold meats for those who liked them, and they were expected to go to it and help themselves. Nothing could be more easy, unceremonious and affable than the whole tone of the meal. One after another rose and fell into groups in the windows, or walked up and down the long room, and, with one or two others, I joined the duke at the head of the table, who gave us some interesting particulars of the salmon fisheries of the Spey. The privilege of fishing the river within his lands, is bought of him at the pretty sum of eight thousand pounds a-year! A salmon was brought in for me to see, as of remarkable size, which was not more than half the weight of our common American salmon.

"The ladies went off unaccompanied to their walks in the park and other vocations, those bound for the covers joined the gamekeepers, who were waiting with their dogs in the leash at the stables; some paired off to the billiard room, and I was left with Lord Aberdeen in the breakfast-room alone. The tory ex-minister made a thousand inquiries, with great apparent interest,

about America. When secretary for foreign affairs in the Wellington cabinet, he had known Mr. McLane intimately. He said he seldom had been so impressed with a man's honesty and straightforwardness, and never did public business with any one with more pleasure. He admired Mr. McLane, and hoped he enjoyed his friendship. He wished he might return as our minister to England. One such honourable, uncompromising man, he said, was worth a score of practised diplomatists. He spoke of Gallatin and Rush in the same flattering manner, but recurred continually to Mr. McLane, of whom he could scarce say enough. His politics would naturally lead him to approve of the administration of General Jackson, but he seemed to admire the president very much as a man.

"Lord Aberdeen has the name of being the proudest and coldest aristocrat of England. It is amusing to see the person who bears such a character. He is of the middle height, rather clumsily made, with an address more of sober dignity than of pride or reserve. With a black coat much worn, and always too large for him, a pair of coarse check trousers very ill made, a waistcoat buttoned up to his throat, and a cravat, of the most primitive *negligé*, his aristocracy is certainly not in dress. His manners are of absolute simplicity, amounting almost to want of style. He crosses his hands behind him and balances on his heels; in conversation his voice is low and cold, and he seldom smiles. Yet there is a certain benignity in his countenance, and an indefinable superiority and high breeding in his simple address, that would betray his rank after a few minutes' conversation to any shrewd observer. It is only in his manner toward the ladies of the party that he would be immediately distinguishable from men of lower rank in society.

"Still suffering from lameness, I declined all invitations to the shooting parties, who started across the park, with the dogs leaping about them in a phrenzy of delight, and accepted the duchess's kind offer of a poney phaeton to drive down to the kennels. The duke's breed both of setters and hounds, is celebrated throughout the kingdom. They occupy a spacious building in the centre of a wood, a quadrangle inclosing a court, and large enough for a respectable poor-house. The chief huntsman and his family, and perhaps a gamekeeper or two, lodge on the premises, and the dogs are divided by palings across the court. I was rather startled to be introduced into the small inclosure with a dozen gigantic blood-hounds, as high as my breast, the keeper's whip in my hand the only defence. I was not easier for the man's assertion that, without it, they would 'hac the life out o' me in a crack.' They came round me very quietly, and one immense fellow, with a chest like a horse, and a head of the finest expression, stood up and laid his paws on my shoulders, with the deliberation of a friend about to favour me with some grave advice. One can scarce believe these noble creatures have not reason like ourselves. Those slender, thorough-bred heads, large, speaking eyes, and beautiful limbs and graceful action, should be gifted with more than mere animal instinct. The greyhounds were the beauties of the kennel, however. I never had seen such perfect creatures. 'Dinna tak' pains to caress 'em, sir,' said the huntsman, 'they'll only be hangit for it!' I asked for an explanation, and the man, with an air as if I was uncommonly ignorant, told me that a hound was hung the moment he betrayed attachment to any one, or in any way showed signs of superior sagacity. In coursing the hare, for instance, if the dog abandoned the scent to cut across and intercept the poor animal, he was considered as spoiling the sport. Greyhounds are valuable only as they obey their mere natural instinct, and if they leave the track of the hare, either in

their own sagacity, or to follow their master, in intercepting it, they spoil the pack, and are hung without mercy. It is an object, of course, to preserve them, what they usually are, the greatest fools as well as the handsomest of the canine species, and on the first sign of attachment to their master, their death warrant is signed. They are too sensible to live! The duchess told me afterward that she had the greatest difficulty in saving the life of the finest hound in the pack, who had committed the sin of showing pleasure once or twice when she appeared.

"The setters were in the next division, and really they were quite lovely. The rare tan and black dog of this race, with his silky, floss hair, intelligent muzzle, good-humoured face and caressing fondness, (lucky dog! that affection is permitted in his family!) quite excited my admiration. There were thirty or forty of these, old and young; and a friend of the duke's would as soon ask him for a church living as for the present of one of them. The former would be by much the smaller favour. Then there were terriers of four or five breeds, of one family of which (long-haired, long-bodied, short-legged, and perfectly white little wretches) the keeper seemed particularly proud. I evidently sunk in his opinion for not admiring them.

"I passed the remainder of the morning in threading the lovely alleys and avenues of the park, miles after miles of gravel-walk, extending away in every direction, with every variety of turn and shade, now a deep wood, now a sunny opening upon a glade, here along the bank of a stream, and there around the borders of a small lagoon, the little ponies flying on over the smoothly-rolled paths, and tossing their mimicking heads, as if they too enjoyed the beauty of the princely domain. This, I thought to myself, as I sped on through light and shadow, is very like what is called happiness; and this (if to be a duke were to enjoy it as I do with this fresh feeling of novelty and delight) is a condition of life it is not quite irrational to envy."

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

'*Boyhood, with other Poems and Translations*, by Charles A. Elton.'—This handsome volume, with its classically written and selected contents, has a greater claim on our attention than many of its myriad brethren, as being the work of one of elegant and cultivated mind. Those who love the dead languages, will look into it for its versions from the Greek Drama and the Latin minor poets; while readers of a more general sympathy will find not a few verses breathing affectionate feeling and an unobtrusive love of nature. 'The Brothers,' an elegy on the death of the author's eldest sons, who were surrounded by the tide and drowned together, is affecting, from its truth.

'*Rosamond Gray—Recollections of Christ's Hospital*,' &c., by Charles Lamb.'—It will be sufficient, in announcing this republication of some of Charles Lamb's finest Papers, to say, that besides the tale, and the sketch, whose names appear on the title-page of the volume, it contains his admirable essay on the tragedies of Shakespeare, and the genius and character of Hogarth, with other lighter sketches, and, last of all, "Mr. H." a farce—some of these are wise, some whimsical, all of them Elia's own.

'*The Indicator and the Companion*, by L. Hunt, 2nd Edition.'—Here also we do not feel ourselves called upon to criticize, but merely to advert to the re-issue of these gossiping, sunshiny volumes.

'*Steam to India; or the New Indian Guide, comprising an Oriental Fragment, in a series of Evening's Entertainments*.'—This is a sort of Utilitarian imitation of Lalla Rookh, a series of fragmentary sketches strung together on the connecting thread of a journey to India; but instead of the palanquin, which conveyed the

sentimental and story-loving princess, we have that ugly, useful machine, a steam-boat; while Messrs. Sanguine and Critic, &c. play the parts filled in the delightful original by Feramor and Fadladeen, and the beauty's attendants. We travelled in company with the party for a hundred pages, and were then thoroughly knocked up.

'*Burgess's Greece and the Levant*.'—These little volumes are designed as a guide to tourists, and they show how the most interesting portions of Greece, Turkey, and Western Asia, may be safely and conveniently visited in a summer excursion.

'*Popular Statistics*.'—A very useful and convenient collection of statistical tables, compiled from the best authorities, describing the extent, population, produce, and revenue of the most important nations of the earth.

'*Peale's Graphics*.'—We recommend parents to try the method of teaching writing and drawing laid down in this little work; it is the best yet devised for enabling children to derive instruction from what they will regard as an amusement.

'*Byrne on Spherical Trigonometry*.'—A good practical treatise.

'*Geography in Verse*, by S. J. Williams.'—The geography is bad, and the verse worse.

'*Fables of Esop in Verse*.'—The verse itself is the fable; being nothing more than prosaic lines of irregular length, with bad rhymes tagged to the end of them.

'*Questions on the Reigns of the Four Georges*.'—The worst thing about this little book is its catechetical form. It contains a good summary of the leading public events during the last four reigns.

'*Translator's Guide*.'—A good collection of exercises for the students of Latin composition.

'*Whittaker's Historical Epitome of the Bible*.'—A judicious summary of scripture history.

'*Hymns and Prayers, translated from the writings of M. A. Flaminius*.'—Flaminius was a pious Italian, contemporary with the Reformation; his writings are remarkable for a spirit of universal charity, and there is nothing in any of his devotional pieces objectionable to Christians of any denomination.

'*Fleming on Tithes*.'—This lecture was delivered in Paisley and Glasgow, where what is called "the voluntary system" was making rapid progress. The reverend author strenuously advocates the divine right of tithes, but his zeal sometimes outruns his discretion.

We may close our labours for this week with enumerating a variety of small volumes lately published, of which it would be tedious and absurd to offer a deliberate review, although some of them have merit. Among the best is the second volume of '*The Spirit of Chambers's Journal*.' We have too a variety of road books and guides, such as '*Pollock's Road Maps for the counties of Edinburgh, Perth, Stirling, Dumbarton, and Lanark*,'—'*The Scottish Tourist's Steamboat Pocket Guide*,'—and, to come nearer home, '*The New Guide for Gravesend and Milton*,' and '*The Picture of Herne Bay*,' (really an amusing little pamphlet). We could find in our hearts to write a separate article on '*Wordsworth's Guide through the districts of the Lakes*,' fifth (it ought to be fifteenth) edition, having taken it up merely to cut open the leaves, and, thanks to his beautiful and poetical descriptions, wandered for a whole morning among the scenery which has been his inspiration, and to which he has repaid its influences and associations tenfold, whether in his noble poems, or the less ambitious volume before us. For ourselves, we owe him not a few thanks for compelling us to pause in the dullest of our labours, and carrying us away, though only for an hour, to the land of lake and hill!

ORIGINAL PAPERS

THE SEAT OF WAR IN SPAIN.

[These papers were intended and announced for separate publication. Conceiving that they would be interesting to our readers, we had great pleasure in securing them for the *Athenæum*.]

AN ACCOUNT OF THE BASQUE PROVINCES AND OF NAVARRE.

Of the Country, Climate, and Productions, and of the Laws, Customs, Character, and Manners of the People.

THE district which is the present seat of war in the north of Spain, is a mountainous tract, extending in length about 160 miles, and in breadth from 60 to 90. It comprehends the three Basque provinces (or, as we call them, Biscay) and Navarre. The Basque provinces are separated from the rest of the Peninsula by the language and manners of their inhabitants, the descendants, it is believed, of the ancient Celts, who, amid all the revolutions, Roman, Moorish, and Gothic, that have fallen on Spain, have preserved their original name and institutions, from time immemorial, among the Pyrenean ranges.

The physical configuration of these provinces is remarkable. The mountainous range of the Pyrenees branches off in this direction, and passing directly through Biscay, and along the north of Spain, forms a vast ridge, of which Cape Finisterre is the termination—again, spurs from these mountains intersect the country transversely and run into the sea. There is, consequently, little level ground in Biscay. The country consists either of hill or valley, and, surveyed from any height, presents a boundless expanse of hills,—ridge rising above ridge on every side,—and blue peaks beyond these. There are two prominent chains of mountains which deserve particular mention in a general description of this district. The Sierra d'Oco, which runs between the Ebro and Burgos, forming the southern barrier of Biscay, and which is only passable by a narrow defile called the pass of Pancorvo, and the Sierra de Orduna, which divides Biscay Proper from the Basque province of Alava. This last range rises to the height of 5,000 feet.

Navarre lies along the roots of the Pyrenees. This province resembles Biscay in the ruggedness of its general features, with this exception, that it contains more extensive valleys and tracts of level ground.

Notwithstanding the difficult and impracticable nature of these high lands, there is no part of Spain where communication is easier, or travelling more commodious, by reason of the excellence of the roads, which are among the best in Europe. This is one of the many proofs of the industry and enterprise of the Biscayans. Though they had mountains to surmount, and rocks to cut through, they have effected a complete line of communication between all their principal towns, which is kept in admirable repair. There are three great lines of road through these provinces. The most important is that which runs from the French frontier town St. John de Luz to Burgos, through Irun, Astigarraga, Tolosa, Villa Franca, Mandragon, Salinas, Vittoria, and Miranda de Ebro. This road traverses the provinces of Guipuscoa and Alava, a distance of 36 Spanish leagues. The next is the highway of Biscay Proper, running between Bilbao and Vittoria (a distance of 11 Spanish leagues). It is carried over the Sierra de Orduna, the lofty barrier of Biscay Proper, and meets the Burgos road at Vittoria. This latter, though not the shortest, is the most convenient way of going from Bayonne to Bilbao: that along the coast from St. Sebastian is dangerous. The third traverses Navarre, and runs in the direction of Arragon, beginning at the defile of

Roncesvalles, and passing through Pampeluna and Tudela.

But this portion of the Peninsula is distinguished by the character of its inhabitants, still more than by its inaccessible nature: they differ from those of the rest of Spain in language, manners, customs, and habits of life. The mountaineers of Biscay and Navarre are hardy, bold, active, free, and industrious. They have maintained the same character through every period of European history. The Guerillas, of whom we every day hear mention, are the same race who cut off the rear-guard of Charlemagne's army at the battle of Roncesvalles. Their government is that of ancient customs; their attachment is to their own families more than to their country. The principle of common parentage, joined to the custom of hereditary chieftains, and the connexion of rustic dependence, preserve among them subordination and discipline, and a spirit of chivalry, which is the soul of mountain warfare. Their attachment to their own tribes, and their adherence to their ancient customs, have, in all ages, weakened the authority of the laws, and the extensive claims of the Spanish monarchs were never allowed among the Biscayan clans and Navarrese barons. So impregnable, indeed, is their country, and so extensive their privileges, that the Spanish monarchs enjoyed little more than nominal sovereignty over them.

The true motives of their present resistance to the Queen are neither predilection for Carlos, nor aversion to a constitutional government for its own sake, but apprehension that their fiscal privileges may be lost, their independent legislatures annihilated, and, above all, their nationality merged in the constitutional monarchy of Spain as at present modelled. But I shall speak more fully on this subject hereafter.

Biscay is divided into three provinces or *merindades*, each forming a separate jurisdiction independent of the others. These provinces are, Biscay Proper, Guipuscoa, lying along the coast, and Alava, an inland district.

Biscay Proper, or *El Señorío*, as the natives call it, is in length, from east to west, about 60 miles, and about 40 or 50 in breadth. The Sierra de Orduna divides it from Alava. It contains 133,000 inhabitants. The most populous part of Biscay is the valley between Bilbao and Durango, which is now, or was lately, the seat of war. This valley is one continued village. The province consists entirely of hills and mountains, so numerous that the face of the country resembles a sea in a storm. These hills are of every variety both in shape and clothing; some flat at the top, some craggy, some wooded, some bare; here a gently rising ground, covered with a glade of flowering shrubs—there a towering cliff. From the crevices in the rocks issue innumerable streams and rivulets. The valleys are thickly interspersed with hamlets and villages, and many of the hills are cultivated to the summit. The great beauty of this country consists in the rich variety of vegetable productions, more especially fruit trees. Instead of the pines or firs, which are the only covering of the Alps, the Biscayan hills are clothed all up their steep sides with apple-trees, chestnuts, arbutus, nut, and fig trees—the luxuriance of fruit and foliage interspersed. Biscay Proper is not fruitful in grain. This arises from the nature of the soil, which, being hard and argillaceous, defies the common mode of cultivation by the plough, and can only be broken by a very laborious process of manual labour. It is pulverized by an iron prong; and this tedious process is performed by the country people, in great numbers, on the sides of the hills. Yet, notwithstanding the indefatigable industry of the Biscayans, they do not raise a sufficient quantity of grain to maintain them, but draw a considerable supply from Alava.

Indian corn is the species which thrives best, a crop which agrees with a light and dry soil, and is very diligently cultivated. This, with beans and peas, forms the general food of the people.

In the neighbourhood of Bilbao and Orduna there are vineyards from which the proprietors of the land principally draw their revenue. The Chacoli wine, as the produce of these vineyards is called, is much prized by the Biscayans, and affords them the means of cheap dissipation, in which they indulge to excess.

The most important productions of Biscay are wool, raw hides, and iron. There has always been a great export of wool from Bilbao; it is of a strong staple, but not so fine as that of the southern provinces. Though there are here and there among the valleys and low hills green spots of rich and luxuriant pasture, these situations do not afford sufficient fodder for the numerous flocks. The sheep are principally pastured on the tops of the steepest and highest mountains, where they find a kind of table land covered with good herbage. Black cattle also abound in these mountainous regions, and, notwithstanding the rude state of society, unfavourable to manufactures, the tanning of leather was once carried on to a considerable extent in Bilbao; but this branch of industry has long been on the decline.

The staple commodity of Biscay Proper, as well as of Guipuscoa, is their mineral produce. The bowels of the mountains contain veins of iron from which Spain has long drawn the greater part of her arms. The largest mine in Biscay Proper is at Somorostro; it is computed to yield 800,000 quintals per annum; a quintal of ore affording thirty-five pounds of iron. The iron is of a soft quality; but when mixed with harder iron, it makes an excellent metal. Swords and knives are extensively manufactured in Biscay; but the art of converting iron into steel is not well understood by the mountaineers, whose industry, prodigious as it is, is turned to works of labour more than of skill.

The harbours of the Bay of Biscay, which is the northern boundary of this province, swarm with coasting and fishing vessels, which employ vast numbers of people, and nurse a hardy race of seamen. The adventurous Biscayans, who are trained on that boisterous gulph, form the strength of the Spanish marine: and the fisheries carried on by this maritime population supply an important part of the rude produce of Biscay.

The climate of Biscay, and indeed of all the north of Spain, is perhaps the most humid in the world, by reason of the vapours attracted by the mountains, the exhalations from the sea, and the frequent rains, which are borne on the west winds from the Atlantic. Nothing escapes the corrosion of damp in this country—wood and iron are equally destroyed by it; yet, far from being infested with malaria, it is one of the healthiest climates in the world, and more remarkable for nothing than the longevity of the inhabitants, even in the lowest situations. Agues and intermitting fevers, which prevail in the Asturias, are little known in Biscay. The salubrity of the air is attributed partly to the sea breezes, partly to bright bracing winds which blow incessantly from the frozen tops of the mountains, dispersing the vapours, and suffering no exhalation or pestilential air to collect and flag on the soil.

Biscay Proper contains two principal cities, Bilbao and Orduna. Bilbao is situated about two leagues from the sea on the river Ybaizabal, which forms a very commodious harbour, being navigable for merchantmen of considerable tonnage, and contains 14,000 inhabitants. The houses are lofty, and built of very solid masonry; the streets well paved and level. There are here many commercial establishments of all nations. Bilbao is not, in point of situation, a very defensible place, as it lies low (so low as to

be built on piles), and is surrounded on all sides by heights, and commanded by hanging gardens, which beautify, but weaken it. It is governed by a corporation or *Ayuntamiento*, who have a large revenue to administer, derived from the various tolls they levy on the entry of merchandize into the city and harbour. The commerce of the city has rather declined during the last half century; but it is still, and must remain, not only the outlet for the produce of the Basque provinces, but the great emporium of the northern commerce of Spain, and more especially of her trade with England. It never enjoyed the advantage of a trading intercourse with America, the peculiar privileges of Biscay not admitting its liability to the commercial imposts which were the conditions of the American trade. Its principal exports, at present, are wool, iron, and chestnuts: its returns are manufactured goods, woollen and cotton. The Billaos are a lively people, devoted to music and dancing.

Portugalete is a smaller town and harbour, situated half way between Bilbao and the sea. The grounds between this place and Bilbao afford much stronger positions for defence than the immediate neighbourhood of the city.

Guipuscoa, the second in importance of the Basque provinces, resembles Biscay in its general aspect, but with a bolder outline of sea-coast, and more prominent features of inland scenery. This province extends above one hundred miles in length, in a sloping direction, from N.E. to S.W., and contains 127,000 inhabitants.

In entering the Spanish territory through Guipuscoa, the first views which present themselves offer pictures unequalled, perhaps, in any part of Europe, whether we regard the beauty of the scenery, or the wonderful variety of striking objects combined within a small space. The Bidassoa washing the base of the Pyrenees, the promontory and fortress of St. Sebastian, the bay of Passages, surrounded with mountains, the mouldering city of Fontarabia, bounded by the majestic Pyrenees, on one side, and the boundless expanse of the Bay of Biscay on the other, are all spread before the traveller at the same moment. All these objects surrounding the narrow entrance through which France has so often poured her armies into the Peninsula, are invested with historical associations, and carry on them the traces both of romantic and of modern warfare.

Guipuscoa, like Biscay, is more abundant in fruits than in grain. The soil here is a stubborn clay; and the want of lime lays the husbandry under great disadvantage. The most fertile part of the province is the vale of Tolosa. The landscape displays the same picture of woody hills and verdant valleys, chequered with villages, and marked by the same laborious culture as in Biscay: the peasantry are the same vigorous and hardy race. The population is more dense than in the western part of the Basque country. The road from the Bidassoa to Salinas, a distance of twenty leagues, passes through several considerable towns; as Tolosa, 5000 inhabitants, and Vergara 4000:—some of these towns are built in the most romantic situations.

A considerable part of the Guipuscoan population is composed of sailors and fishermen. The coast contains numberless ports, and one haven not surpassed by any in Europe, and which, in the hands of a more enterprising government, would have been turned to great account—I mean Passages, a beautiful semicircular basin, protected by St. Sebastian. Little or nothing has been done, by the construction of piers or other accommodations, to improve this natural harbour.

St. Sebastian, the Gibraltar of the north, is the principal town of Guipuscoa—a place so prominent in the military history of England, that any description of it here would be superfluous.

Guipuscoa abounds in iron, and yields a considerable supply of copper. The manufacture of the latter metal, so essential to a maritime country, is making advances in this province. Copper sheathing for vessels, and copper boilers, are made at Hernani and Mondragon. The iron ore of Guipuscoa is harder than that which is found in Biscay Proper. Anchors, cannon, and vast quantities of swords, are fabricated here. The principal iron works are at Hernani, Salinas, and Mondragon. It is supposed that the famous Toledo blades were formed of iron from the mines of Mondragon. These forges and foundries afford employment to a large proportion of the population, and diversify the simple picture of mountain life. As the want of lime impedes agriculture in this part of Spain, so does the scarcity of fuel limit its manufacturing operations. Timber, no doubt, is abundant; but the smelting and forging of iron requires so vast a consumption of wood, that were these processes carried on in this narrow district to the same extent as in those countries where mineral fuel is used, the mountains would soon be stripped, and the country left utterly naked and bare. Loyola was a native of this province—a Guipuscoan hidalgo. The convent of St. Ignatius, one of the richest foundations in Spain, is situated near the town of Ascotia.

Alava is the third and least considerable in population, though the most extensive in territory, of the Basque provinces. Alava is the apex of a triangle, of which Guipuscoa and Biscay are the base. The same chain of hills divides it from both provinces. It is much more fertile in grain than either of them, and being at the same time inferior in population, (containing only 60,000 souls,) it is enabled to supply them with large quantities of corn. The country near Vittoria descends into a flat and level plain of considerable extent, watered by the river Zadorra, which slopes away into the rich and fertile basin of the Ebro, on which stands the city of Miranda, on the frontier of Old Castile. In these plains the soil is composed of a rich dark loam of great fertility. The crowds of villages, the careful husbandry, the neat cottages and gardens, and excellent roads, which are found throughout this district, present, to those who enter it from the south, a remarkable contrast to the vast wastes and desolated cities of Old Castile.

The river Ebro, flowing by the cities of Viana and Logroño, divides the Basque provinces from Spain.

Spanish Navarre is about eighty miles long by eighty broad. The Sierra de Aralar, a ridge of mountains above 2000 feet high, divide it from Guipuscoa and the Basque provinces. It contains 200,000 inhabitants; and, besides Pampeluna (its capital), has several considerable cities—as Estella, Tudela, Tafalla, each of which contains 6 or 7000 inhabitants. The Pyrenean ranges intersect it in every direction. Its defiles are narrower, and its mountain passes more rugged, than those of Biscay. Here, as in the Basque provinces, the face of the country is composed of an endless succession of wooded mountains, valleys, dells, and streams. The most fertile part of this province is the valley of the Bastan, which lies between Pampeluna and St. John de Luz, to the right of the road from Roncesvalles. The province yields hemp and flax, as well as grain, in great abundance. In this valley is the source of the Bidasson.

There have been few parts of the world more frequently the theatre of war than Navarre. The outpost and advanced guard of Christendom, during the Moorish dynasty in the ninth century, subsequently the bulwark of Spain against France, these mountains have seen every variety of warfare—have witnessed the rout of Paynim and Paladine—have been the scene of Eastern romance, and the theme of Gothic chronicle.

These endless hostilities have left palpable moral traces in the state and character of the population. Parts of the central mountains of Navarre, as well as the rugged frontiers between it and Arragon, have been immemorially possessed by a mixed race, who have no certain civil settlement, but live as outlaws, and by predatory habits; relics of former wars, the refuse of disbanded soldiery, never absorbed into civil society, they have existed for centuries in the condition of freebooters. This loose race is not ennobled by those fine traits of character which characterize the Biscayans; but their power of endurance, dexterity in the use of their weapons, and, above all, their knowledge of the mountain passes, render them invaluable as irregular auxiliaries in wars and rebellions.

Navarre was the latest of the separate kingdoms that was annexed to the Spanish monarchy; and it required the utmost vigour and ability of Cardinal Ximenes to subdue it, and secure the conquest. He dismantled all the fortresses excepting Pampeluna, and drove the insurgent population to those natural barriers and fortifications, which have ever since been manned by their posterity. The inhabitants of this province have always been curbed by a strong garrison at Pampeluna. Like Biscay, Navarre has continued in possession of its own laws and legislature; but their privileges have been little more than nominal—the States have not been called together since the year 1713. These laws were closely analogous to the Fueros of Arragon, (so fully delineated by Zureta,) with which they were coeval, and grew up together under the shade of the Pyrenean mountains. The States of Navarre were constituted on a purely Gothic principle, having three estates, and including prelates as well as nobles and burgh deputies. Like the other feudal monarchies, this assembly, of which only the image survives, has the right, concurrently with the King of Spain, whose sovereignty the Navarrese more fully recognize than the Biscayans, of enacting and repealing laws and imposing taxes.

The Navarrese are not Celts, like the natives of Biscay, but a mixed race, consisting of Catalans, Arragonese, and Basques, and speak a language compounded of those three idioms. The vestiges of Goth and Saracen are evident in the manners and character of the natives of this province. The Navarrese are inferior in industry, and less inclined to the arts of peace, than their neighbours of Biscay—are decidedly behind them in civilization, and seem to recede further back into antiquity, and to have the stamp of the Middle Ages, when the savage virtues of valour and daring were most prized, more fresh on their aspect than any people of Europe. The priests and preaching friars are supreme in the Gothic superstition of the Navarrese. Mina's first step, on taking the command, was to banish the clergy from the valleys of Bastan and Erro.

Having now given a description of the face of the country—of its climate and produce—of its general character and resources, I intend, in a subsequent paper, to speak more fully of the laws, customs, prejudices, habits, and manners of the people, and thus put the reader in a position to judge of the motives and feelings with which the present struggle is carried on by the Biscayans.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP ON LITERATURE AND ART.

If changes and excitement amongst theatrical people can produce a corresponding excitement in the public, the winter theatres may stand a chance of being better attended this season than they have been for a long time. Mr. Bunn, late (stage) coachman of the two great theatres, has given up driving curricula. He has as strong a company as circumstances and his means placed within his reach, and a notice of the opening of

Drury Lane, under his auspices, will be found in our theatrical corner. The two main features of the season are expected to be the opera of 'La Juive,' which is to be produced, it is said, upon a scale of splendour that will outshine all we have seen before—Halley's comet to a watchman's lantern—and a new play, in five acts, by some hitherto untried author, who is inclined to break a lance with Mr. Sheridan Knowles. It is spoken of by some who ought to know, in terms of more than common praise. As soon as it was known that Mr. Bunn, after fluttering about from one house to the other, had finally settled upon Drury Lane, and resolved to build his nest there, speculation became busy as to whose fingers were to be burnt at Covent Garden; but though there was much speculation upon it, there was none in it. Mr. Fitzball was very near the fire at one time, but he escaped. The mantle of management is at length placed upon the shoulders of Mr. Osbaldeston. Report says that the prices are to be lowered, and the entertainments lowered also to the level of minor theatre melo-dramas and equestrian exhibitions. How this may be we know not; as soon as we are in the secret, we will let it out. Mr. Henry Wallack will be stage manager at Covent Garden, and Mr. Yates is acting manager at Drury Lane—where Mrs. Yates is also engaged to act. If they can make money at Drury Lane by being there, and at the Adelphi by not being there, so much the better; but we should fear their services will be missed at the latter. The management of the Adelphi, however, is in excellent hands. Mr. Charles Mathews must have considerable experience of managing, though not in it—and his acquirements and general knowledge are of a very superior order. The present season at the Olympic concludes Madame Vestris's lease, and, it is said, that she has no intention of renewing it. Mr. Braham's new theatre is rising rapidly into view, and a few months will probably determine the question as to how this speculation is likely to answer. The Queen's goes on flourishingly. The Surrey is positively stormed every night; the house is crowded to an extent which excites the wonder of people in general, and the admiration of Mr. Davidge in particular, who is said, even at the low prices charged, to be clearing 3000l. per week.

The publishers, too, are beginning to arouse themselves, and tempt us with the prospect of novelties, some of which promise well. In Mr. Murray's list we find Capt. Back's 'Journal of his last Expedition,' 'Prior's 'Life of Goldsmith,' Washington Irving's 'Legends of the Conquest of Spain,' and 'Von Raumer's Letters from England in 1835,' besides other works which we have already mentioned, announced as forthcoming. Mr. Bentley advertises 'Memoirs of Don Manuel Godoy,' written by himself, 'A Life of the first Earl of Shaftesbury,' by Mr. Cooke, the second series of Mr. H. Bulwer's 'France' is also in the press, and a work, with the singular title of 'Tales and Fables from the Frescoes of Pompeii,' by W. B. Le Gros. We may mention a few more scattered announcements; among others 'A Narrative of a Voyage round the World, describing the British Settlements and Islands on the Northern Coast of New Holland,' by Mr. F. B. Wilson. Mr. Bell is preparing for publication a 'History of British Quadrupeds,' as a companion work to Mr. Yarrell's 'Fishes.' A new boudoir book or two of poetry and the fine arts will also make their appearance about the same time as the Annuals; one of these has been illustrated with verse by Lady Blessington. Another, with the title of the 'Book of Gems,' will give a chronologically-arranged series of extracts and biographies of our best English poets, with highly finished vignette illustrations: we have seen some of these, which are very exquisite. Mr. T. K. Hervey is going to add another to the list of

yearly ephemera, by his 'Book of Christmas,' which will be illustrated by forty-four line engravings and vignettes in wood from the designs of Seymour. Besides these slighter wares, we have promise of something more substantial, at the hands of Mr. Finden, in his forthcoming 'Gallery of British Art'; the work is to appear quarterly, and to contain specimens of all our most celebrated British painters, engraved by the best hands, and to be moderate in its price. Lastly, among the earliest novelties in light literature, we may announce Miss Landon's long-promised poem, and a series of 'Tales and Fancies,' by Mr. H. F. Chorley.

A new writer on metaphysics has arisen in Germany—an occurrence so common, as perhaps hardly to deserve mention, although H. Schmid's 'Attempt at a Metaphysic of Man's Internal Nature,' has already gathered high praise amongst the author's countrymen. But it strikes us as something worth noting, that amongst a nation of metaphysicians, who spurn at experience as a guide in their researches, a writer should have arisen, who, almost simultaneously with Lord Brougham, asserts psychology to be a branch of Natural Science.

BELLINI.

WE were truly sorry to receive accounts of the death of this most successful of recent Italian composers; nor can we forget the loss which music has sustained, in admiring the programme of the stately ceremony with which the brethren of his art are preparing to do honour to the remains of a sweet melodist, snatched from among them at the unripe age of twenty-nine. Of his life we know but little, save that he was a native of Sicily, and composed his first opera, 'Bianca e Fernando,' when he was only twenty years old; his other works, 'Il Pirata,' 'La Straniera,' 'Norma,' 'Montecchi e Capuleti,' 'La Sonnambula,' 'Zaira,' 'Beatrice Tenda,' and 'I Puritani,' were produced in rapid succession. We are not going to enter into a critical examination of any of these works, having recently recorded our opinion of his merits and deficiencies as a composer;† there was too much promise in him for us not to regret him, and the more so, as we never gave up the hope, that to his natural gifts he might yet add the resources gained by study and experience, and worthily lengthen the line of Italian *maestri*, which already boasts of so many brilliant names.

We have been led by Bellini's death to dwell for awhile upon the present condition and future prospects of the lyric drama, and a few words upon the subject may not at this time be wholly out of season. It seems admitted by every one that Italy has the singers—but if we ask where are its composers, echo answers "Where?" Rossini, still in the prime of life, chooses most provokingly to sit still and enjoy himself in his abundance, with store of melody still un-poured out—and, as for the herd of his imitators, we cannot believe that either the names or the works of Pacini, Mercadante, Donizetti, Vucchi, &c. will survive the hour. In Germany, matters are not more prosperous; for we are told that the dearth of good singers is all but universal—while the composers are relying too exclusively upon *head-work* for producing an effect,—forgetting that learning may be pushed to pedantry; as well as fancy, for want of tutorage, be permitted to degenerate into imbecility. Even Spohr's best operas are *trains* and overlaid—and reason owns that his music is excellent, far oftener than the feelings bear witness to its power. This should never be the case in opera, in which the use of science is to direct the impulses of imagination—to concentrate and tame its wandering caprices, so as to make them tell, but not to supersede them by an uninspired

automaton work of chords and harmonic changes. Marschner (who would fain out-Weber Weber) is many degrees poorer in dramatic *est*ro than Spohr, and just as much more wearisome and unnatural in his compositions. After these, we know not whom else to mention; our present hope, as far as Germany is concerned, rests upon Mendelssohn, but he has yet to be tried. It may seem strange to such as are rivetted to old times and prejudices, and have not advanced their tastes from the days when Horace Walpole described a Parisian *prima donna* with her ear-piercing screams, and her widow's head-tire—to be perfectly *comme il faut*—a wreath of black flowers!—but our own conviction has been for some time past, that the real throne of opera is at present in France—that for freshness, and brilliancy, and dramatic effect, its composers far exceed the languid *dolcezza* of the Italians, or the carefully-wrought heaviness of the living German writers.† We are told, moreover, that the old reproach of *uno urlo Francese* has become obsolete and inapplicable to their singers. One day or other we will report upon these things; but, in the meantime, why, in the name of common sense, should they not be brought to us? Why should we not have the best works of Boieldieu, Auber, Herold, &c.—and of the older school of Parisian composers (counting Cherubini and Spontini among their number) performed alternately with the dilutions of Rossini, with which, season after season, the ears of the frequenters of the King's Theatre are wearied? We are in the condition of people who remain constant to one single insipid dish—because they will not trouble themselves to reach untried dainties close in their neighbourhood.

THEATRICALS

DRURY LANE.

This Evening, AS YOU LIKE IT; after which THE NIGHT PATROL; and DER FREISCHÜTZ.
On Monday, MACBETH; with TAM O'SHANTER; and MASANELLO.

ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.

This Evening, THE DICE OF DEATH; after which, MY FELLOW CLERK; and THE MOUNTAIN SYLPH.
On Monday, ROB ROY; with a CONCERT; after which MY FELLOW CLERK; and CRAMOND BRIG; for the Benefit of Mr. Wiltson.

Tuesday, THE COVENANTERS; after which I, AND MY DOUBLE; with THE SPOILED CHILD; and THE BOTTLE IMP.

Wednesday, GUY MANNERING; after which, a Scene from THE MOUNTAIN SYLPH; with a CONCERT; and THE DICE OF DEATH; for the Benefit of Mr. J. Rigney, Box Book Keeper.

DRURY LANE.

THIS house opened on Thursday with 'Macbeth,' and a new afterpiece, called 'The Night Patrol.' It is too late in the week for a detailed notice, even if it were called for. Mr. Macready's *Macbeth* is well known to the play-going public. We observed no alteration in his style of acting it on Thursday, except that it was marked by, if possible, increased energy and intensity. Miss Ellen Tree, who is the best tragic actress on the stage, had a perfect right to essay the part of *Lady Macbeth*, and we most sincerely wish that she had been able to make a stand in it. But nature has said it must not be, and the proof that art cannot break through the barriers which nature has placed across the path is, that Miss Tree, with all her cleverness, all her general intelligence, and all her assiduity, has been unable to do so. She fails, as many a stout-hearted sailor has failed, not from want of courage, not from want of professional skill, but simply from want of weight of metal.

The afterpiece, called 'The Night Patrol,' is

† In their *libretti*, too, the French are neat and happy. Some of those by M. Scribe, the modern Goldoni in his facility and fortune, for dexterous combination and easy liveliness of language, could hardly be exceeded. We happened to take up the book of 'Le Cheval de Bronze' (Auber's last work), a few evenings ago, and were amused for half an hour by a point and drollery for which, we suspect, we might seek far before we found it in a pile of English or Italian opera books.

a failure; and, if it were promoted, and made a horse patrol, it could not run.

The theatre looks remarkably well. The new proscenium, by the Messrs. Grieve, is a vast improvement; and the new drop-scene is in excellent taste. An improvement has also taken place in the arrangement of the orchestra and foot-lights.

The house was very full, and the applause to the play was loud and general.

ADELPHI THEATRE.

THIS house opened for the season on Monday last, under the sole management of Mr. Charles Mathews, and with the under-mentioned bill of fare—'Mandrin,' a "Grand Romantic Melo-dramatic Burletta Spectacle," in three acts; 'The Christening,' a favourite one-act farce of last season; and a domestic burletta, in two acts, called 'The London Carrier,' the first and third being novelties. The house was very full, and both the new pieces were successful. The fault of 'Mandrin' is, that, *mutatis mutandis*, we have seen it half a dozen times before, in 'Fra Diavolo,' and other brigand pieces, but chiefly in 'The Brigand,' *par excellence*. The piece, however, is cleverly put on the stage, and the dresses and appointments have had much care and expense bestowed on them. Further, it was well acted—of course by Mr. Buckstone and our other old Adelphi friends; but also by Mr. Palmer, who seems to be a very sensible man; and by Miss Ellen Clifford, a daughter of Mrs. Clifford, whose unobtrusive merits and sterling value are well known at the Haymarket Theatre, both to the manager and the visitors. The young lady is somewhat diffident, but that is a fault on the right side; there is a good promise about her, and we see no reason why a very little more time and experience should not enable her to become a most efficient substitute for Mrs. Yates. The clownish exhibition, by Messrs. Brown, King, and Gibson, at the end of the minut of six, which they dance with their ladies in the ball-room at the Marquis's chateau, is in the very worst taste; too early an opportunity cannot be taken to discontinue it. Mr. S. Smith does the author much injustice by his manner of acting the part of the blacksmith. If he would make it (as it must have been intended that he should) a little bit of rough honesty, of mingled firmness and feeling, instead of a sample of heroic tragedy—and let the words he has to say come in an easy homely way from his tongue, instead of mousing, and ranting, and pausing, and attitudinizing, he would assuredly find (his appearance in the part being picturesque and good) that his exit would be marked with a round of applause, instead of a shout of laughter. Upon the whole, there is a great deal of show and good scenery in the piece; and, judging by what they have liked before, we think the Adelphi audiences are bound to like it. 'The Christening' went, as usual, with shouts of laughter. 'The London Carrier' must allow us to dot.—and carry one to next week.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.

THE Olympic, the Adelphi, and pheasants, all come in about the same time, and they form no unpleasant association of ideas. Madame Vestris, duly qualified, regularly licensed, and bent upon sport, took the field on Monday, armed with a new double piece, manufactured by that ingenious maker, Mr. Haynes Bayly. Madame was fortunate enough to kill right and left. On examination, the birds turned out to be scarcely full grown, but they were exceedingly well dressed, and being served up with the *sauce piquante* of excellent acting, the guests were satisfied, if not highly gratified. But to leave this shooting metaphor; the new burlettas are both by Mr. Haynes Bayly. The first is called 'Love in a Cottage,'

† See Athenæum, No. 396.

and exhibits a little plan by *Mrs. Charles Mulgrave* (Madame Vestris), a lady some six months married, to wean her husband (Mr. James Vining) from the gaieties of the town, into which he has been induced to plunge, and to win him back to Devonshire and 'Love in a Cottage.' The plan succeeds, and so did the piece; but there are not any very strong grounds for either. There is little in the plot, and less in the dialogue; but a general knowledge of stage effect, and a careful abstinence from anything offensive, made the bridge this piece had to go over tolerably safe for present use, although it has not sufficient solidity for permanence. Its safety was increased and ensured by good acting on the part of all concerned, but particularly on that of Madame Vestris, who sang three songs. The first, called 'Love in a Cottage,' was a failure; the second, 'I'll be no submissive Wife,' by Mr. Alexander Lee, is a very pretty song, well fitted to the style of the singer, who, accordingly, gave it with capital effect, and secured a peremptory *encore*. The third, an Irish ballad, written by Mr. S. Lover, and sung by Madame Vestris, in character, fully deserved a similar compliment; but its length, and the peculiar situation of the dram. pers. at the moment, obliged the audience to repress their wish. The rapidly extending popularity of Mr. Lover's songs will soon make them as well known to the public as they are to us. In those exclusively Irish, which blend the comic with the pathetic, he is to our thinking unrivalled; and, in those of love and sentiment, he treads closely upon the heels of Erin's great little bard. At all events, we recommend Mr. Moore not to leave his shoes near Mr. Lover's room door in a morning, for they will fit the feet of the latter so closely, that no jury will ever convict him of stealing. There is one error in this piece, which, as it is a repetition of one committed by the same author in 'My Eleventh Day,' we must mention. We are aware that we go to the play to be deceived, and that the more we surrender ourselves to the illusion of the scene the more we are likely to be amused. All we ask is to be furnished with something wherewith to deceive ourselves—with what may be called a *stage probability* where we cannot have a probability of real life. Now, in both the cases we have alluded to, a newly-married wife is brought face to face with her husband—disguised, it is true, as to dress, and speaking, in the one instance with a French accent, in the other with an Irish one; but wholly undisguised as to face—and the husband talks to her not only without knowing her, but without even remarking a likeness. This is rather out of the ordinary range of probabilities—and though the public may overlook it, we cannot. The piece was well received, and given out for repetition with applause. The other production, called 'A Gentleman in Difficulties,' is yet slighter in construction. Its principal merit is one good situation, where Mr. Liston, the gentleman in difficulties, being disguised as his own servant, has, notwithstanding his own hunger and thirst, to wait at the table at which his wife is dining with her uncle and aunt; its principal defect is, that the blunders which Mr. Liston is made to commit are not such as a gentleman so situated *would* commit—because they are the blunders of ignorance instead of awkwardness. A gentleman would know what ought to be done, although he might not be *au fait* at the manner of doing it. Mr. Liston seemed in excellent health, and did his utmost. Mrs. Orger had a part which she seemed perplexed to make anything of, and when so admirable an artist is at a loss, it must, as the saying is, be "hard lines" indeed. She succeeded, however, in producing an impression with it, apparently to her own astonishment. The wife of the gentleman in difficulties was personated by Miss Malcolm. This young lady is a favourite at this house, and, to some extent, with reason; she has a pretty face

and figure, and much general aptitude for her profession, but the extraordinary pertinacity she evinces in laying the emphasis on the wrong word, demands an early correction to prevent its becoming a confirmed habit. Let her take this hint in good part, and read in future to some judicious friend. This piece, like its predecessor, was well received. The 'Affair of Honour,' and the 'Court Beauties,' concluded the evening's entertainments. The former gave Mr. Keeley an opportunity of receiving a similarly hearty welcome to those previously bestowed on the lessee, on Mrs. Orger, and Mr. Liston.

MISCELLANEA

Discovery of an ancient Church in Cornwall.—At Perranporth, Mr. Michell has recently removed the sand from a church in the parish, which appears to have been overwhelmed by it, according to tradition, faintly supported by records, 500 or 600 years ago. This church is probably one of the most ancient ever laid open, and wants nothing to render it complete as when first erected except its roof and doors. The length of the church within its walls is twenty-five feet; without, thirty; the breadth within, twelve feet and a half, and the height of the walls the same. At the eastern end is a neat altar of stone, covered with lime, four feet long by two and a half wide, and three feet high. Eight inches above the centre of the altar is a recess in the wall, in which probably stood a crucifix, and on the north side of the altar is a small doorway, through which the priest entered. The chancel was exactly six feet, leaving nineteen feet for the congregation, who were accommodated with stone seats, twelve inches wide and fourteen inches high, attached to the west, north, and south walls of the nave. In the centre of the nave, in the south wall, is a neat Saxon arched doorway, highly ornamented, seven feet four inches high by two feet four inches wide. The key-stone of the arch projects eight inches, on which is rudely sculptured a tiger's head. The floor was composed of sand and lime, under which bodies were unquestionably buried, the skeletons of two having been discovered. It is very remarkable that no vestige of a window has been found, unless a small aperture of inconsiderable dimensions, in the south wall of the chancel, and which is ten feet above the surface of the floor, should be considered one; it must therefore be presumed, that the services must have been performed by the light of tapers. Around this interesting building lie thousands of human bones exposed to desecration, the winds having removed the sand in which they were deposited.—*Western Flying Post*.

Traces of Ancient Civilization among the South Sea Islands.—Amongst the Caroline Islands, only six weeks sail from Sydney, is Ascension (about 11° N. lat.) discovered very lately by his Majesty's sloop of war *Raven*. Mr. Ong, now a resident of this colony, some years back remained there for several months, and we have our information from a friend, who conversed frequently with Mr. O. on this subject. On the above-named island of Ascension, the language of the inhabitants is more harmonious than in the other islands of the South Seas, a great many words ending with vowels. There are at the N. E. end of the island, at a place called Tamen, ruins of a town, now only accessible by boats, the waves reaching to the steps of the houses. The walls are overgrown with bread, cocoa-nut, and other ancient trees, and the ruins occupy a space of two miles and a half. The stones of these edifices are laid bed and quoin, exhibiting irrefutable traces of art, far beyond the means of the present savage inhabitants. Some of these hewn stones are twenty feet in length by three to five each way, and no remains of cement appearing. The walls have

door and window places. The ruins are built of stone, which is different from that occurring in the immediate neighbourhood. There is a mountain in the island, the rocks of which are covered with figures, and there are far greater ruins eight miles in the interior. The habits of these islanders exhibit traces of a different social system; the women do not work exclusively, as is the custom in the other islands. After the meals, water is carried about by servants for washing hands, &c. Asked about the origin of these buildings, the inhabitants say, that they were built by men which are now above (pointing to the Heavens).—*Hobart Town Courier*.

Exploring Expedition.—*New South Wales.*—Major Mitchell's exploring party, splendidly equipped, halted at Bathurst last week, for the purpose of completing their supplies, and after resting three days, proceeded on their journey to a central spot in the Boree country, from whence they will pursue a south-westerly course to the Darling, Murrumbidgee, and Murray rivers. This, and a return to the depot, will form the first division of the work, when it is understood that the whole body will move off in a north-westerly direction, with the view of transversely intersecting the country, and establishing the fact of the existence or non-existence of the great waters which are supposed to have their source amongst the interior mountains. The party are prepared for a year's absence, and for all the vicissitudes of weather and climate incidental to that protracted period. The men started in high spirits; most of them have been tried servants in the field service of the survey department, and accompanied the surveyor general on his last tour. A capacious cedar boat, and whale boat of a smaller size, form part of the equipment, and are conveyed on a carriage nearly forty feet long, made for the purpose.—*Sydney Monitor*, April 1.

Mrs. Kingatura Spooner.—A long story has been going the rounds, that the accomplished lady whose name heads this paragraph was destroyed by a shark while bathing—such was not the case. True, Mrs. Spooner was seized by a shark while bathing, and her husband's vessel passed on—all hands thinking she was devoured. It appears she cut the shark's throat a mile or so below the surface of the sea—made her escape from his voracious jaws—mounted the back of a whale, and, by pricking him first on one side, and then on the other, she made him overtake the ship, and was soon in the arms of her husband.—*American Paper*.

List of New Books.—The Life of Lieut-General Sir T. Picton, G.C.B. 2 vols. 8vo. 25s. Coleridge's Ancient Mariner and other Poems, 32mo. 1s. 6d.—Lighth's Road Book of Ireland, 3rd edit. 18mo. 10s. 6d.—Stephen's Treatise on the Corporation Act, 12mo. 8s.—Sacred Classics, Vol. XXII. (Taylor's Life of Christ, Vol. I.) 1c. 5s.—M'Neil's Sermons on the Second Advent, 2nd edit. 12mo. 4s.—Lardner's Cyclopaedia, Vol. LXXI. (Literary and Scientific Men of Italy, Vol. II.) 1c. 6s.—Reminiscences of Niebuhr, with a Portrait, post 8vo. 9s. 6d.—Steam to India; or the New Indian Guide, post 8vo. 12s.—Twenty Years in Retirement, 2 vols. 8vo. 24s.—Memoirs of the Rev. John Newton, 1c. 5s.—Grimshaw's Cowper, Vol. V. 1c. 5s.—Truth Vindicated, 12mo. 6s. 6d.—Twenty-one Views of the Buildings in the Royal Gardens at Kew, by Sir William Chambers, Architect, 21s.—The Merchant Seamen's Act, with Notes, by G. F. Wordsworth, Esq. 12mo. 4s. 6d.—The Present General Law for Regulating Highways in England, by W. F. A. Delane, Esq. 12mo. 5s.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We presume, that 'H' must refer to the account of the late dreadful earthquake in Chili, which appeared in this journal on the 18th July.

We are obliged to 'A Constant Reader.'

The explanation in *Woolmer's Exeter Gazette*, respecting the article copied from the *Athenæum*, is perfectly satisfactory; and the very liberal and generous spirit in which the editor has been pleased to speak in this Journal, notwithstanding our somewhat hasty rebuke, entitles him to our best thanks.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL FOR SEPTEMBER.

KEPT BY THE ASSISTANT SECRETARY AT THE APARTMENTS OF
THE ROYAL SOCIETY, BY ORDER OF THE PRESIDENT AND COUNCIL.

1835.	9 o'clock, A.M.		3 o'clock, P.M.		Dew Point at 9 A.M. in de- grees of Fahr.	External Thermometer.				Rain, in inches. Read off at 9 A.M.	Direction of the Wind at 9 A.M.	REMARKS.
	Barom.	Attach. Therm.	Barom.	Attach. Therm.		Fahrenheit.		Self-registering.				
						9 A.M.	3 P.M.	Lowest.	Highest.			
T 1	30.160	65.6	30.174	68.0	57	62.8	67.8	53.4	70.2		NE	Fine—light clouds—haze and wind. Evening, Fine and clear.
W 2	30.247	63.4	30.216	67.4	53	60.8	70.3	50.8	70.6		NE	{ A.M. Fine and cloudless—light brisk wind. P.M. Fine—light clouds and wind. Evening, Fine and clear.
T 3	30.111	64.8	30.014	67.9	55	62.6	71.0	53.2	71.2		E	{ A.M. Fine—light clouds and wind. P.M. Fine—nearly cloud- less. Evening, Overcast—rain and wind.
F 4	29.837	67.0	29.832	71.5	61	68.4	75.2	59.6	76.3	.102	S	Overcast—light steady rain and wind.
S 5	29.893	70.0	29.942	72.2	63	68.6	71.7	62.4	73.2	.133	SW	{ A.M. Fine—light clouds and wind. P.M. Cloudy—light wind. { A.M. Cloudy—light wind. P.M. Fine—light clouds and wind.
⊙ 6	30.148	68.7	30.103	72.2	60	63.9	71.6	58.4	73.6		ENE	{ Evening, Cloudy.
M 7	30.087	67.4	30.027	70.7	58	63.8	69.7	60.3	71.3		NE	{ A.M. Overcast. P.M. Fine—light clouds and wind. Even- ing, Fine and clear.
T 8	29.804	67.7	29.663	69.6	55	63.4	64.2	54.9	68.6		NW	{ A.M. Fine—light clouds—haze and wind. P.M. Overcast— light rain.
W 9	29.714	64.6	29.696	65.8	48	56.7	60.7	50.0	63.4	.188	WSW	{ Fine and cloudless—light haze and wind. Evening, Fine and clear. { A.M. Overcast—light rain and wind. P.M. Fine—light clouds —rain and wind. Evening, Fine and clear.
T 10	29.438	62.2	29.348	66.0	57	60.8	63.6	50.2	65.7		S var.	{ A.M. Cloudy—light brisk wind. P.M. Overcast—rain and wind. { A.M. Overcast—rain and wind. P.M. Fine—light clouds and wind.
F 11	29.461	60.4	29.570	62.2	50	54.7	57.2	51.2	59.0	.125	SW	{ A.M. Overcast—rain and wind. P.M. Overcast—rain and wind. { A.M. Overcast—rain and wind. P.M. Fine—light clouds and wind.
S 12	29.336	59.6	29.307	62.7	54	55.3	63.4	49.9	63.6		SW var.	{ A.M. Cloudy—light breeze. P.M. Overcast—rain and wind. { A.M. Cloudy—light breeze. P.M. Fine—light clouds and wind.
⊙ 13	29.544	58.8	29.621	62.6	52	53.9	61.7	46.6	62.6	.230	SW	{ A.M. Cloudy—light wind. P.M. Fine—light clouds. Evening, —cloudy.
M 14	29.861	59.6	29.885	64.0	52	57.2	66.3	48.7	67.6		SSW	{ A.M. Fine—light clds. and wind. P.M. Overcast—light brisk wind. { A.M. Fine—light clds. and wind. P.M. Overcast—light brisk wind.
T 15	29.899	63.9	29.847	65.6	58	64.2	63.7	57.0	65.7		S var.	{ Overcast—high wind. Evening, Overcast—rain and wind. { Overcast—high wind. Evening, Overcast—rain and wind.
W 16	29.814	61.2	29.774	65.2	53	53.8	62.7	50.3	63.6	.136	SW	{ A.M. Thick haze—light wind. P.M. Cloudy.
T 17	29.752	61.6	29.746	63.8	54	56.7	61.4	50.5	62.6		S	{ A.M. Fine—lt. clds. P.M. Overc.—h. rain—lt. wind. Ev. Cldy.
F 18	29.824	58.9	29.726	63.3	51	55.2	60.8	46.4	63.3	.130	S	{ A.M. Fine and cloudless—light haze. P.M. Overcast—light rain and wind. Evening, Overcast—rain and wind.
S 19	29.554	62.5	29.629	65.4	58	61.7	65.4	54.3	67.2	.594	SW	{ A.M. Overcast—light brisk wind. P.M. Fine—light clouds and wind. Evening, Overcast—rain and wind.
⊙ 20	29.635	62.4	29.675	65.4	57	60.2	65.2	58.3	65.6	.572	S	{ A.M. Overcast—light steady rain. P.M. Fine—light clouds —high wind. Evening, Fine and clear.
M 21	29.897	62.2	29.816	62.6	56	59.5	56.3	54.2	64.6		S	{ A.M. Overcast—light steady rain. P.M. Fine—light clouds —high wind. Evening, Fine and clear.
● T 22	29.572	64.3	29.501	66.4	59	64.4	68.0	54.4	68.8	.340	E	{ A.M. Fine—nearly cloudless—light brisk wind. P.M. Cloudy —high wind. Evening, Overcast—rain and wind.
W 23	29.667	64.8	29.891	67.2	58	62.0	65.3	56.9	66.7	.111	SW var.	{ A.M. Fine—light clouds and wind. Evening, Overcast—rain and wind. { A.M. Fine—light clouds and wind. Evening, Overcast—rain and wind.
T 24	29.857	62.8	29.915	65.5	57	58.7	61.8	56.0	62.4	.250	SW	{ A.M. Cloudy—light steady rain and wind. P.M. Overcast. { A.M. Cloudy—light steady rain and wind. P.M. Overcast.
F 25	29.994	60.2	29.909	63.6	52	52.4	61.8	49.9	62.4		ENE	{ A.M. Thick haze—light wind. P.M. Fine—light clouds. { A.M. Thick haze—light wind. P.M. Fine—light clouds.
S 26	29.679	60.7	29.631	62.4	54	59.4	60.3	48.5	60.5		S var.	{ Evening, Fine and clear. { A.M. Lightly overcast—light wind. P.M. Overcast—light rain.
⊙ 27	29.594	58.7	29.530	61.6	52	52.8	59.4	49.2	59.5	.788	SW	{ Fine—light clouds and haze. Evening, Fine and clear. { A.M. Overcast—light wind. P.M. Overcast—light rain.
M 28	29.433	58.7	29.598	59.3	44	51.6	54.2	49.0	57.2	.055	SW	{ A.M. Cloudy—light haze and wind. P.M. Fine—light clouds and wind. Evening, Fine and clear.
T 29	29.619	58.0	29.627	61.3	52	57.6	60.7	46.6	62.4		S	{ Cloudy—light wind. { A.M. Overcast—light rain and wind. P.M. Cloudy—light wind. Evening, Overcast—light rain.
W 30	29.255	57.7	29.178	62.2	55	57.2	64.6	52.6	65.6		SE var.	{ A.M. Overcast—light rain and wind. P.M. Cloudy—light wind. Evening, Overcast—light rain.
MEANS..	29.756	62.6	29.746	65.5	54.8	59.3	64.2	52.8	65.8	Sum. 3.754	Mean of Barometer, corrected for Capil- larity and reduced to 32° Fahr.	{ 9 A.M. 3 P.M. { 29.668 29.650

*. Height of Cistern of Barometer above a bench-mark on Waterloo Bridge=83 feet 2½ in.—Ditto, above the presumed mean level of the Sea=93 feet.—External Thermom. is 2 ft. higher than Barom. Cistern.—Height of Receiver of Rain Gauge above the Court of Somerset House=79 feet.

ADVERTISEMENTS

SCOTTISH INSTITUTION
FOR THE EDUCATION OF YOUNG LADIES, EDINBURGH,
15, GREAT STUART-STREET, WEST.
THE INSTITUTION WAS RE-OPENED
on the 1st of OCTOBER.

BRANCHES TAUGHT IN THE ESTABLISHMENT.
Education and Composition, &c. Mr. Graham.
History and Geography, &c. Mr. Graham.
Writing and Arithmetic, &c. Mr. Trotter.
Theory of Music and the Piano-forte, &c. Mr. Eager.
Singing, &c. Mr. F. Dan.
Drawing and Perspective, &c. G. Simson, S.A.
Mathematics, Astronomy, and Mathematical, &c. G. Lees, A.M.
French Language and Literature, &c. Mr. Durie.
Italian Language and Literature, &c. Mr. Rampion.
German Language and Literature, &c. Mr. Cantor.
Dancing and Calisthenics, &c. Mrs. Lowe.

LECTURES.
Natural Philosophy, &c. G. Lees, A.M.
Chemistry, &c. Dr. D. B. Reid, F.R.S.E.
Botany, &c. Wm. Magillivray, A.M. F.R.S.E.
Geology and Mineralogy, &c. Dr. Murray, F.R.C.S.
Ancient and Modern History, &c. Mr. Graham.
Ladies Superintendent, &c. Mrs. Farquhar.
Mrs. Funtowicz is native of England. Her Grace the Duchess of Buccleuch, the Right Hon. Lady Robert Kerr, the Right Hon. Lady Sinclair, Lady Lees, Mrs. Percival, the Rev. E. Craig, and many Parents who have had their Daughters under the care of Mrs. Farquhar, will afford her the fullest recommendations as to ability and character.

Each young Lady who enters as a Pupil in the Institution on the 1st of October, and remains in it till the close of the Session, is to be considered an Annual Pupil, and may, upon payment of the sum of Five Guineas per Quarter, attend as many of the Courses of Chemistry, Natural Philosophy, and Natural History, as they are successively given in the Institution. Young Ladies entering at any other period, to pay six Guineas per Quarter. A List of respectable Private Families who receive Young Ladies as Boarders, is kept at the Institution.

Just published, price 6d. to be had of all Booksellers, Report of the Scottish Institution, with an Appendix, containing Separate Reports by the different Teachers of the Course of Instruction and the System pursued in their respective Classes.

UNIVERSITY OF LONDON.

FACULTY OF ARTS AND LAW—SESSION 1835-36.

THE Classes will meet, after the Vacation, on WEDNESDAY, the 1st of OCTOBER, when Professor KEY will deliver an Introductory Lecture at two o'clock precisely.

Latin....Thomas Hewitt Key, A.M.
Greek....Henry Maltby, A.M.
Hebrew....B. Hurwitz, Esq.
Sanskrit....F. Rosen, Ph.D.
Hindustani, Persian, and Arabic....F. Falconer, A.M.
English and Rhetoric....A. Blair, L.L.D.
French Literature and Language....F. F. Merlet, Esq.
Italian Language....A. Panizzi, L.L.D.
German Language....Dr. Haassmann.
Mathematics....G. J. P. White, A.M.
Philosophy of the Mind and Logic....The Rev. J. Hoppus, A.M.
Natural Philosophy and Astronomy....The Rev. Wm. Ritchie, L.L.D.
Civil Engineering (to commence after Christmas)....Dr. Ritchie.
Chemistry....Edward Turner, M.D.
Botany (to commence on the 1st of May)....John Lindley, Ph.D.
Zoology (to commence on the 1st of Jan.)....R. E. Grant, M.D.
Geology (to commence on the 1st of Feb.)....R. Turner, Grant, and Lindley.
Geography....Captain Macneochie, R.N.
History....The Rev. R. Vaughan, A.M.
English Law (to commence on the 2nd of Nov.)....W. G. Lumsley, B.C.L.

The JUNIOR SCHOOL met on the 23rd of September. Prospectuses, and further particulars, may be obtained at the Office of the University; and at Mr. J. Taylor's, Bookseller, 30, Upper Gower-street.
Council Room.
G. J. P. WHITE, Dean of the Faculty.
23th Aug. 1835. CHARLES ATKINSON, Secretary.

ROYAL INSTITUTION OF GREAT

BRITAIN.—The extended and Practical Course of CHEMICAL LECTURES and DEMONSTRATIONS, for Medical and general Students, delivered in the Laboratory of this Institution by Professors BRANDE and FAIRBAY, will commence on TUESDAY, the 6th of October, at 11 in the Morning, and will be continued on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, at the same hour. Two Courses are given during the Season, which will terminate in May.

For a Prospectus, and Terms of Admission, application may be made to the Lecturers, or to Mr. Fincher, at the Royal Institution, JOSEPH FINCHER, Assist. Sec.

WESTMINSTER SCHOOL OF MEDICINE.

MR. NORTH and MR. GRIFFITH will commence their next Course of LECTURES on MIDWIFERY and DISEASES OF WOMEN and CHILDREN, on TUESDAY, October 6, at 11 o'clock.—For particulars inquire at the School, near the Westminster Hospital; at Mr. North's, 66, Upper Brice-street, Portman-square; or at Mr. Griffith's, 30, Lower Belgrave-street, Belgrave-square.

A FEW GENTLEMEN, who are engaged

in business during the day, are about to FORM a DOMESTIC CIRCLE of 12 Members, which will afford the comforts of a highly-respectable home and evening society at a less cost than is usually charged for private lodgings. There are a FEW VACANCIES, applications for which will be received until the end of the present month.—Further information may be obtained by letter only, post free, with real name and address, S. H., 1, Freeman's-court, Cornhill. References will be given and required.

PALLADIUM LIFE ASSURANCE

SOCIETY, Waterloo-place, London.

Directors.
Geo. Arbuthnot, Esq.
Sir John Barrow, Bart. F.R.S.
Samuel Bosanquet, Esq. F.R.S.
Col. W. Bodycott Davis
W. R. Keith Douglas, Esq.
F.R.S.
Right Hon. Sir Edward Hyde East, Bart. F.R.S.
Neil Benj. Edmonstone, Esq. F.R.S.
Joseph Esdaile, Esq.
Sir T. F. Fremantle, Bart. M.P.
James Halford, Esq.
Capt. Henry Kater, F.R.S.
Peter Peterson, Esq.
Samuel Skinner, Esq.
Patrick Maxwell Stewart, Esq. M.P.
Sir William Young, Bart.

All persons assured in this Office are permitted to pass and repass, in time of peace, from any part of Europe to another, by sea or land, without payment of additional Premium, or forfeiture of Policy.

The Assured participate in Four-fifths, or 80 per cent. of the estimated Profits, which will be added every Seventh Year, by way of Bonus, to Policies effected for the whole term of life, on lives not exceeding the age of 50 when assured. Or the additions may be applied in reduction of future annual premiums, at the option of the assured.

The additions already made, on an average of all ages, exceed 44 per cent. on the Premiums paid.

Persons assured, at any period before the next Valuation in 1836, will also have some appropriated to their Policies, in proportion to the Profits then declared.

WALTER COSSER, Secretary.

COUNTY FIRE OFFICE RETURNS.—NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN to all Persons who have been insured in this Office for seven successive years, that the customary Returns continue to be paid, and may be received at the Head Office in Regent-street, or of the Agents in the Country.
J. A. BEAUMONT, Secretary.

UNITED KINGDOM LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY, 5, Waterloo-place, Pall Mall, London. Established by Act of Parliament. For Assurances on Lives and Survivorship, and likewise for the Granting and Purchasing of Annuities.

Honorary Presidents.
Earl of Errol
Earl of Courtown
Earl of Leven and Melville
Lord Viscount Falkland
Sir J. H. Dalrymple, Bart.
Conducted by a Chairman, Deputy Chairman, and Fourteen Directors.

This Company, from its various plans of accommodation, affords greater facility to parties wishing to insure, than any establishment of the kind in London.
1. Premiums may be paid quarterly, half-yearly, or annually.
2. Insurers for Life may leave half the Annual Premium for five years unpaid, at interest, to be deducted eventually from the Policy.
3. The ascending and descending scales apply equally to the opulent and those of limited income; and the moderate and judicious rates well deserve the attention of the public.

ANNUAL PREMIUM FOR ASSURING £100.

Age.	Without Share of Profits.	With Share of Profits.
	One Year. Seven Years. Life.	One Year. Seven Years. Life.
30	£1 3 11 £1 5 4 £2 3 10	£1 3 11 £1 5 4 £2 3 10

Age.	First Year.	Second Year.	Third Year.	Fourth Year.	For Remainder of Years.
30	£1 10 8	£1 17 3	£2 2 10	£2 10 3	£2 17 9

Insurances from Parties residing in the Country may be effected by corresponding with the Resident Director, EDWARD BOYD, Esq., at the Office, No. 5, Waterloo-place, Pall Mall, London; or by application to any of the Company's Agents.
An Operative Tradesman, 25 years of age, may secure to his Family at death 100l. by paying Quarterly 10s. 7d., or 14. 18s. 7d. Annually.

AUCTION ROOMS,
For the Sale of every Description of Literary and other Property.

No. 306, HIGH HOLBORN, five Doors West of Chancery-lane.
MESSRS. GRIMSTON and HAVERS respectfully inform Bookellers, Executors, and others having Property to dispose of, that their improvements being nearly completed, their Sales will recommence early in October. The eligibility and central situation of the above Premises (which are generally allowed to be the most commodious Rooms of the kind in London), together with their being in the immediate neighbourhood of the various Law Offices, and the experience of the past season, prove that they are well adapted for the Sale of Libraries, small Lots of Books, Surplus Stock, Law Libraries, Stationery, Engravings, Printing Materials, and every other description of Property requiring publicity.

The Sale Rooms being very light and lofty, render them well adapted for the Disposal of Paintings.
Duplicate Copies withdrawn from Libraries will find an advantageous Sale at the above Establishment.
Valuations of every description of Property for the Payment of the Legacy Duty or Equitable Purchase, on the most liberal terms.
Money advanced, and accounts settled one week after the Sale.
306, High Holborn, Sept. 1835.

Price 3s. 6d. Just published, by Longman and Co.; and may be had, by order, of all Bookellers.

A TREATISE ON WATER IN THE BRAIN.
By WILLIAM GRIFFITH.
One of the Lecturers on Midwifery and the Diseases of Women and Children at the Westminster School of Medicine.
"A medical treatise of much merit." *Ed. Gaz.*—It shows much ability, experience, and judgment, on the part of its author."—*London Medical and Surgical Journal.*

STUDENTS' GUIDE FOR DISSECTING.
On Monday next will be published, in 16p. 8vo.
PRACTICAL ANATOMY OF THE NERVES AND VESSELS OF THE HEAD, NECK, AND CHEST: intended as a Guide for Students in their Dissection of those Structures.
By EDWARD COCK.
Demonstrator of Anatomy at Guy's Hospital.
London: A. Scholz, 2, Great Russell-street, Bloomsbury.

Re-publication of
DR. DAVIS'S MIDWIFERY AND OBSTETRIC MEDICINE.
This day is published SECTION I., containing 72 pages, 4to, with 6 Plates, to be continued Monthly, and completed in 16 Sections, price 5s. each. Illustrated with upwards of 60 Plates.
Printed for John Taylor, Bookseller and Publisher to the University of London, Upper Gower-street.

DR. ARMSTRONG'S PRACTICE OF PHYSIC.
Lately published, in a thick 5vo. volume of nearly 500 pages, price 15s. boards.
LECTURES ON THE PRINCIPLES AND PRACTICE OF PHYSIC. By the late JOHN ARMSTRONG, M.D.
Edited by JOSEPH RIX.

"The substance of these Lectures is so excellent, that we congratulate all our readers on the appearance of the volume before us. To the student it will be invaluable; and we know no one so advanced that he may not derive profit from the instructions of that master of the art, Dr. Armstrong. Mr. Rix has our hearty thanks for the zeal and ability which he has displayed in enriching medical literature with this excellent text-book."—*Medical Quarterly Review*, No. 111.
"We can conscientiously recommend this work to the notice of the medical world, for it well deserves high commendation. It bears internal evidence of extensive experience and great judgment. It will be found a valuable acquisition to the profession, and we strongly recommend students to possess themselves of it."—*London Medical and Physical Journal*, No. 116.
London: Printed for Baldwin and Cradock, Paternoster-row.

Just published, in 8vo. cloth boards, price 2s.
OBSERVATIONS on the principal MEDICAL INSTITUTIONS and PRACTICE of FRANCE, ITALY, and GERMANY, with Notices of the Universities, Cases from Hospital Practice, and an Appendix on Animal Magnetism and Homoeopathy.

By EDWIN LEE, M.R.C.S.
Formerly House Surgeon to St. George's Hospital.
The Appendix may be had separately, price 2s.
J. Churchill, Princes-street, Solo; Macmillan and Stewart, Edinburgh.

Recently published, by the same Author, 12mo. 5s.
Notes on Italy and Rhemish Germany, with Philosophical Notices of the Climates and Mineral Waters.

Albemarle-street.

CHEMICAL MANIPULATION; being Instructions to Students in Chemistry on the Methods of Performing Experiments of Demonstration or of Research, with accurate and success. 8vo. 18s.
By Professor FARADAY, F.R.S. F.G.S. M.R.I.

Tables in Illustration of the Theory of Definite Proportions, showing the Prime Equivalent Numbers of the Elementary Substances, and the Volumes and Weights in which they combine; compiled for the use of Chemical Students and Manufacturers. 8vo. 6s. 6d. By W. T. Brande, F.R.S.

Popular Essays on some of the most important Diseases. Second Edition, part 2nd. 6s. 6d. By Sir Henry Halliday, Bart. M.D. G.C.H. President of the College of Physicians.

On the most Important Diseases peculiar to Women. Third Edition, 8vo. 12s. By the late Dr. Good.

Elements of Chemistry familiarly explained. Illustrated with 100 Wood-cuts, 1 pocket vol. 6s.

THE QUARTERLY REVIEW, No. CVIII.

It is published THIS DAY.
I. English Language and Lexicography.
II. Hartley Coleridge's Writings of Yorkshire and Lancashire.
III. Barrow's Visit to Ireland.
IV. Memoirs of the late President of the College of Physicians.
V. Tours in America, by Latrobe, Abdy, Reed, &c.
VI. Emigration—Letters from Canada.
VII. Sketches of English Society, by an American Poet.
VIII. Etruscan Antiquities—Nebular, and Micali.
IX. Quin's Voyage down the Danube.
X. Ion, a Tragedy, by Sergeant Talbot.
XI. Rosopierce.
John Murray, Albemarle-street.

3, St. James's-square, Sept. 30.

THE WESTMINSTER REVIEW.
No. XLVI.—Contents:—1. Affairs of Canada—2. Helne's Germany—3. English Aristocratic Education—4. Shireff's Tour through North America—5. Lord Brougham's Natural Theology—6. Cooke's Memoirs of Lord Bolognole—7. Colonial Policy of the Ancients—8. Professor Longfield on Abolitionism—9. South Africa—10. Penitentiaries of the United States—11. Life of Washington—12. Appropriation Act—13. Works of Cobbett—14. Quin's Steam-voyage down the Danube—15. Ancient Scottish Poetry—16. House of Peers.
John Macrone, St. James's-square.

On the 1st of October was published, price 4s.
THE ANALYST, a Quarterly Journal, devoted to Science, Literature, Natural History, and the Fine Arts.

The number for October, amongst other interesting articles, contains—Remarks upon Bishop Burnett's History of his Own Time—A retrospect of the Literature of British Ornithology, from the close of the Seventeenth Century to the present Time—Comparisons between the Climates of Great Malverna and London—Professor Agassiz on Ichthyology, with a Lithographic Engraving of a new Species of the Genus Tetraodon, new Red Sandstone, near Covey; &c. &c. &c.
London: Published by Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.; and may be had of all Bookellers.

On the 30th of September was published, price 6s. the Thirty-sixth Number of
THE BRITISH CRITIC—QUARTERLY THEOLOGICAL REVIEW—AND ECCLESIASTICAL RECORD.

Reviews:—Laws and Regulations of the Wesleyan Methodists—Rescued Rosobus—Life of Lord Bolognole—St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans: Retrospect and Haldane's Treatises on Preaching—Newman's Sermons—Gresswell and Briggs' Exposition of the Parables—Sermons: Dale, Feil, Dillon, and Close—Dr. Chalmers and the Scotch Church—Theological Library: Russell and Evans—The Church and the Clergy—Ecclesiastical Record: containing—1. A Summary of Events connected with the Church and the Cause of Christianity—2. Notices of New Theological Works.
Printed for J. G. and F. Rivington, St. Paul's Churchyard, and Waterloo-place, Pall Mall.

CHURCH OF ENGLAND MAGAZINE.

The leading Contents of the OCTOBER Number of
THE BRITISH MAGAZINE, and MONTHLY REGISTER OF RELIGIOUS and ECCLESIASTICAL INFORMATION, are—
History of Chapters—Residentialship—Antiquity of Socialism—Gresford Church (with an Engraving)—The Dark Ages—St. Patrick—Church Matters—Antiquities—Devotional and Sacred Poetry—Correspondence: On the Church Establishment—Sacred History—Weir's Conception—Poetically—British and Foreign Schools—Account of Writers against the Romantics—Books on the History of Romanism in England and Ireland—Reviews of New Books—Documents—Returns from the Ecclesiastical Commissioners for Ireland—Recent Acts of Parliament as to Tithe—Dr. Murray's Letter—Regulations for the better Establishment of the University of Durham—Ecclesiastical Intelligence—Events of the Month.
Printed for J. G. and F. Rivington, St. Paul's Churchyard, and Waterloo-place, Pall Mall; J. Turrill, 250, and T. Clerc Smith, 297, Regent-street.

FRASER'S MAGAZINE, for OCTOBER, price 2s. 6d. contains:—
Lord Brougham on Natural Theology—The Greek Partial Ports. Theocritus concluded—Washington Irving's Miscellaneous—The Bridgewater Treatises. No. III. Kirby and Roger—Gallery of Literary Characters. No. 62. William Cobbett, with a full-length Portrait—A Tale of Truth—A Fishine Excursion into the County of Galway—A Song—Modern Latin Poets. (From the Front Papers, No. XVII.) Charles H. Theodore Igen, Father Vaniere, George Buchanan—America and Church Establishments—Sea Side Fragments—Boudardinto at Rome.
James Fraser, 215, Regent-street, London.

BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE, No. CCXL for OCTOBER.

Contents:—I. Hints to Authors. No. 1. On the Pithetic, No. 2. On the Gracious—H. William Pitt. No. 3.—H. The Tenth Diner—IV. Matthew Clear; the Man who 'saw his Way'—V. To the Princess Victoria, on seeing her in York Cathedral, during the Performance of the Messiah—VI. The Sketcher. No. 14.—VII. Autumnal Sketches. By Deira—VIII. Ideals. From Schiller—IX. State of Protestantism in France. No. 1.—X. The late Crisis and Session of Parliament—XI. The Clouds of Aristophanes—XII. The Doctor. Dose Second.
William Blackwood and Sons, Edinburgh; and T. Cadell, London.

TAIT'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE, for OCTOBER, price 1s. contains:—O'Connell's Mission—Confidential Correspondence between Lords L.—and—St. Br.—G.—K.—and—W.—and—St.—Sam Popen's Gine Cock—On the Character of the Rev. Dr. Thomas Brown—The Highland Mass: a Leaf from Irish History—Question of Canada. No. IV.—Church and State Fallacies—Politics of Upper Canada—The White Raven of Mohr; &c. &c.
William Tait, Edinburgh; Simpkin, Marshall, and Co. London; and John Cumming, Dublin.

THE ASIATIC JOURNAL, for OCTOBER, contains the following, amongst other Original Articles:—

1. On the Natural Resources of India. No. III.
2. Inscriptions on the Caves of Ceylon.
3. Reminiscences of a Returning Anglo-Indian.
4. On the Trade with China.
5. Griffins.
6. Mr. Moorcroft's Travels in Baluch and Bokhara.
7. The Intermediate Countries between Persia and India.
8. The Case of Mr. Mordaunt Ricketts.
9. Reply of Colonel Vans Kennedy to Sir G. Haughton, on the Tenets of the Vedantists.
10. Miscellaneous.
11. Critical Notices, &c. &c.
The usual quantity of Asiatic Intelligence, to the latest date, from all the Presidencies, the Eastern Settlements, China, &c.—Civil and Military Promotions, &c.—General Orders, Correspondence, Commercial Intelligence, Debate at the East India House, &c. &c.
Wm. H. Allen and Co. 7, Leadenhall-street; and to be had of all Bookellers.

THE METROPOLITAN, for OCTOBER.

Contains, amongst other the following interesting Papers:—
The Close of the Session. The Devil's Dyke.
Japhet in Search of a Father. The Dining Parson.
Lord Brougham's Discourse on Statistics of the German Confederation.
The Diary of a Biase. Gardener's Letter.
Blue-Comatons. The Question.
Life of a Sub-Editor. The Days of Yore.
Eruption of Mount Etna. Carisbrook Castle.
Adventures of John Ketch. Notices of New Books, Dramas, the Smoky Lock of Hair. Fine Arts, &c. &c.
The Manuscript Volume.
Saunders and Oley, Conduit-street, Hanover-square.

THE DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE, for OCTOBER, price 2s. 6d. contains:—

Chapters of College Bousness. Chap. IV. The Irishman's Fate—The New Paradise Regained—Anthologia Germanica. No. IV.—The Poems of Matthew and Sala—Scenes from the Life of Edward Laetitia—Gent. Chap. XIX. The Irishman's Fate—The Letter from an Old German—Erasmus Ruy's Adventures, communicated by Mrs. S. C. Hall—Lord Brougham's Discourse on Natural Theology—The End of the Session—Posthumous Reflections, by Terence O'Rourke, A.M.—Death of the Bishop of Cloyne.
"We like this Magazine for its honesty—for its unshrinking adherence to the Protestant cause—its nationality—its strict literary cast—and for the talent it uniformly displays on every subject it takes up."—*Glasgow Courier.*
"We congratulate the spirited publishers and the Irish public, that such a periodical emanates from our metropolis."—*Derry Sentinel.*
Dublin: by William Curry, Jan. and Co.; Simpkin, Marshall, and Co. London. Sold by all Bookellers.

NEW BOOKS FOR OCTOBER.

In 2 vols. post 8vo.
DR. HOGG'S VISIT TO DAMASCUS, &c.

CONTI THE DISCARDED.
By HENRY F. CHORLEY, Esq.
Author of 'Sketches of a sea-port Town.'

THE POETRY OF LIFE.

By SAMUEL SICKNEY.
Author of 'Pictures of Private Life.' In 2 vols. post 8vo.

DEMOCRACY IN AMERICA.

Translated under the inspection of the Author.
"We recommend Mr. de Tocqueville's work as the very best in print on the subject of America we have ever met with, and we think we may claim the same praise for it with reference to its execution."—*Blackwood.*

THE PHILOSOPHY OF HISTORY.

By HEDERICUS COCHLEY.
Translated from the German, with a Memoir of the Author, by J. B. ROBERTSON, Esq. In 2 vols. 8vo.
Saunders and Oley, Conduit-street, Hanover-square.

DUNBAR AND BARKER'S GREEK AND ENGLISH LEXICON.

Lately published, in 1 vol. octavo, thick 8vo. price 25s.
A GREEK AND ENGLISH, AND ENGLISH AND GREEK LEXICON. By GEORGE DUNBAR, A.M., Lecturer and Professor of Greek in the University of Edinburgh, and E. H. BARKER, Esq. of Thetford, Norfolk.
 Printed for MacLachlan and Stewart, Edinburgh; and Simpkin and Marshall, London.

DR. MILLIGAN'S VALUABLE EDITION OF CELSIUS.

In 1 thick volume, 8vo., with a complete Delphin Index, the 2nd edition, price 16s. 6d.

A C. CELSI DE MEDICINA, LIBRI VIII.
 Ex recensione Leonardi Targem, quibus accedunt Tituli Marginales peripetici, capituli, librorumque; Annotationes Criticæ, Medicæ, Physicæ; Tabula Characterum, Ponderum, Mensurarum, alique Indices Materie Medicæ Celsianæ, rerumque incomplectens; præfata de Celsi vita Dissertatione concinnata, auctore J. M. MILLIGAN, auct. EDUARDUS MILLIGAN, M.D., S.A.S.S., Coll. Reg. Med. Edin. Sodalis, Soc. Phil. et Lit. Mæd. et Lond. Soc. Edin.
 Judging from the degree of approbation which the former edition of Dr. Milligan's Celsius was received by the Royal College of Surgeons, and the Honourable the Company of Apothecaries, it is hoped that this new and altogether added to the edition, will, in no inconsiderable degree, enhance its value among those who regulate the course of Medical Education.

Printed for MacLachlan and Stewart, Edinburgh; and Baldwin and Cradock, London.

CLOUET'S ANATOMY, BY DR. KNOX.

Lately published, the 2nd edition, in 1 thick vol. 8vo. price 21s. 6d.
A SYSTEM OF HUMAN ANATOMY. Translated from the original of Dr. KNOX, M.D., M. D., Lecturer on Physiology, and Member of the Philomathetic Society of Paris; with additional Notes; and a correct Nomenclature. By R. KNOX, M.D., F.R.S.E., Lecturer on Anatomy, and Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons in Edinburgh.

"Is short, this work, which is decidedly the best anatomical system in the original, is now calculated to be not less useful to the English student than to his French. It has performed an important service in rendering a work so perfect generally accessible."—*Edinburgh Med. and Surg. Journal*, No. 98.
 Printed for MacLachlan and Stewart, Edinburgh; and Baldwin and Cradock, London.

PROFESSOR SYME'S PRINCIPLES OF SURGERY.

Lately published, in 8vo. price 21s.
THE PRINCIPLES OF SURGERY. By JAMES SYME, Esq., F.R.S.E., Professor of Clinical Surgery in the University of Edinburgh. Printed for MacLachlan and Stewart, Edinburgh; and Baldwin and Cradock, London.

BECLARD'S ANATOMY, BY DR. KNOX.

In 1 vol. 8vo. price 16s. 6d.
ELEMENTS OF GENERAL ANATOMY; being a General Description of the various Organs composing the Human Body.

Translated from the original French, by R. KNOX, M.D., F.R.S.E., Lecturer on Anatomy, &c.
 Printed for MacLachlan and Stewart, Edinburgh; and Baldwin and Cradock, London.

WATSON ON DISEASES OF THE EYE.

2nd edition, with coloured Engravings, in 8vo. price 21s.
A COMPENDIUM OF THE DISEASES OF THE HUMAN EYE. To which is prefixed an Account of the Anatomy and Physiology of that Organ, illustrated with 15 Plates.

By A. WATSON, F.R.S.E., &c.
 "Mr. Watson's work exhibits a systematic and comprehensive view of the diseases of the human eye. The descriptions are clear, but very clear and distinct, and they are manifestly dictated chiefly, if not entirely, from personal experience; they show a talent for observation and pathological acuteness by no means common."—*Edinburgh Med. and Surg. Journal*, No. 98.
 Printed for MacLachlan and Stewart, Edinburgh; and Baldwin and Cradock, London.

DR. REID'S PRACTICAL CHEMISTRY.

2nd edition, in 1 vol. 8vo. price 15s.
ELEMENTS OF PRACTICAL CHEMISTRY; comprising a Series of Experiments in every Department of Chemistry, with Directions for performing them, and the Preparation and Application of the most important Tests and Re-agents.

By D. B. REID, M.D. Lecturer on Chemistry, &c.
 Printed for MacLachlan and Stewart, Edinburgh; and Baldwin and Cradock, London.

REID'S MEDICAL BOTANY.

In 12mo., with Plates and Woodcuts, price 9s.
OUTLINES OF MEDICAL BOTANY; comprising Vegetable Anatomy and Physiology; the Characters and Properties of the Natural Orders of Plants; an Exposition of the Linnean System of Classification; and Tables of Medicinal Plants, arranged in their Linnean and Natural Orders.

"Decidedly the best introductory work on the subject."—*Medico-Chirurgical Review*.
 Printed for MacLachlan and Stewart, Edinburgh; and Baldwin and Cradock, London.

DR. ROBERTSON'S CONVERSATIONS ON ANATOMY.

In 12mo. 2nd edition, much improved, price 6s. boards.
CONVERSATIONS ON ANATOMY, PHYSIOLOGY, AND SURGERY. By ARCHIBALD ROBERTSON, M.D., &c.
 Printed for MacLachlan and Stewart, Edinburgh; and Baldwin and Cradock, London.

JONES'S MANUAL OF PHARMACOLOGY.

In 12mo. price 5s.
MANUAL OF PHARMACOLOGY; or, Compendium of Materia Medica, Comprising of the London, Edinburgh, and Dublin Pharmacopœias, and Formulary of Extraordinary Prescriptions. By THOMAS WHARTON JONES, Surgeon.
 Printed for MacLachlan and Stewart, Edinburgh; and Baldwin and Cradock, London.

This day is published, in 12mo. price 6s. Vol. I. of the **WORKS OF W. E. CHANNING, D.D.**
 The Second Volume, which will complete the Edition, will be published in October.
 R. Hunter, London; and J. Heddewick and Son, Glasgow.

THE NEW NOVEL.
 This day may be had of all Librarians and Booksellers, 3 vols. post 8vo.

PLANTAGENE T.
 "Certainly a novel of greater power and originality we have never met with. This is a burning enthusiasm in most of its pages of which we have no parallel amongst recent fictitious writers, and this accompanied by startling incident, forcible delineation of character, and scenic painting of no common order. It is impossible in our space to do more than call attention to this remarkable production, decidedly the best political novel in our language, and as such superior in the works of the author of the 'Radical,' as the 'Eclipses of Virgil' are to the ordinary run of pastorals."—*Constitutional Magazine*.
 John Macrone, 3, St. James's-square.

MR. WILLIS'S NEW WORK.
 Preparing for immediate publication,
PENCILINGS BY THE WAY.
 By N. P. WILLIS, Esq., Author of 'Melaure,' &c.
 "The above papers are the exclusive copyright of the Author, and are now publishing by his permission."
 John Macrone, 3, St. James's-square.

This day is published, in fcp. 8vo., with Vignette, 6s. cloth, the Second Volume of
LIVES OF THE MOST EMINENT LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MEN. By R. SOUTHEY, Esq., JAMES MONGOMERY, Esq.; the LORD BISHOP OF CLOYNE, SIR D. BREWSTER; Mrs. SHELLEY, &c. &c.
 Forming Vol. 71 of DR. LARDNER'S CABINET CYCLOPEDIA.
 Published Sept. 1, Treatise on the Arts, Manufactures, Manners, &c. of the Greeks and Romans. (2 vols.) Vol. II.
 London: Longman and Co.; and John Taylor.

In 9 vols. post 8vo.
MRS. JAMESON'S WORKS.

1. Visits at Home and Abroad. 3 vols. 2nd edition.
2. Celebrated Female Sovereigns. 2 vols. 2nd edition.
3. Passages in the Lives of the Poets. 2 vols.
4. Characteristics of Women. 2 vols. 3rd edition.

(Either Work may be had separately.)
 Saunders and Otley, Conduit-street, Hanover-square.

Just published, price 5s. 6d. cloth, 2nd edition, corrected and greatly enlarged,
THE MECHANIC'S CALCULATOR; comprehending Principles, Rules, and Tables, in the various Departments of Mathematics and Mechanics, useful to Millwrights, Engineers, and Artisans in general.

By WILLIAM GRIER, Civil Engineer.
 With a Portrait of Professor Anderson, Founder of Mechanics' Institutes, and numerous other Engravings on Wood and Steel.

NOTICES OF THE FIRST EDITION.

"This is truly an excellent work, far better calculated for the diffusion of Useful Knowledge, than any, or all of the treatises yet published by the Society that assumes that monopoly of intelligence. The Introduction is replete with the practical wisdom of common sense; the scientific part of the work is equally distinguished for accuracy and simplicity; a profound mathematician may read it with pleasure, and a beginner can read it with profit. From the modest title-page, few persons can learn the great value of the book; it is, in fact, a complete introduction to the mathematical and mechanical sciences, and one of the very best in our language."—*Advertiser*.

"This is a well-conceived and well-executed volume for the use of the artisan. It bears the stamp of utility, and is evidently the work of a person who knows the wants of the working classes, in a scientific point of view, and who has ably contributed to supply them."—*Scots Times*.

By the press, by the same Author.
 The Mechanic's Pocket Dictionary. Being a Complete Note Book of Technical Terms, Rules, and Tables, useful in the Mechanical Arts. Illustrated by Engravings of Machinery, and numerous Diagrams.
 Blackie and Son, 6, East Clyde-street, Glasgow; 5, South Colledge-street, Edinburgh; 21, Warwick-square; and by Simpkin and Marshall, Stationers'-court, London.

BLACKIE and SON most respectfully inform the Trade that they have OPENED a WAREHOUSE at No. 91, Warwick-square, where a SUPPLY of their WORKS may be had. The following may be had in Parts or Numbers—

The Popular Encyclopedia; with numerous Engravings.

Rollins' Ancient History; with Notes by the late James Bell, Author of the 'Glasgow Geography,' &c. &c. Illustrated with numerous Maps and Engravings.

Rollins' Arts and Sciences; with Notes by the same Author.

Lives of Illustrious Scotsmen. By Robert Chambers. With 24 Portraits.
 Portrait Gallery of Scotland; in Paris, at 2s. 6d., containing 5 Portraits, with Memoirs in each Part.

The Book of the Constitution of Great Britain.

The Whole Works of Josephus; with Plates.

Mosheim's Church History.

Casquet of Literary Gems.

Republic of Letters.

Haewie's Evangelical Expositor; being a Complete Commentary on the Bible.

Brown's Self-Interpreting Bible, with 2000 additional Notes; including a Complete Index and Concise Dictionary of the Bible. By the Rev. John Barr. With numerous Plates, and many useful Tables.

This is the best and cheapest Edition of this Work offered to the Public, being complete in Twenty Parts, at 2s. each. Catalogues, containing a full list of the Works, may be obtained on applying at their Warehouse, as above.

WM. MANNING, Agent.

In 2 vols. 8vo., with nearly 500 Woodcuts, price 12. 18s. cloth boards, the 2nd edition of
DR. ROGET'S BRIDGEWATER TREATISE, ON ANIMAL AND VEGETABLE PHYSIOLOGY.
 William Pickering, Chancery-lane.

In 2 vols. price 12s. 6d. boards, with Plates, the 2nd edition of
SIR CHARLES BELL'S BRIDGEWATER TREATISE, THE HAND, ITS MECHANISM, AND VITAL ENDOWMENTS, as evolving DESIGN.
 William Pickering, Chancery-lane.

Albemarle-street, Oct. 1835.
BOSWELL'S JOHNSON.

The Eighth Volume of Mr. Murray's complete and improved Edition of
BOSWELL'S LIFE OF DR. JOHNSON
 is published this day.
 With the BEST NOTES of the BEST EDITORS, and two Views, price 5s. bound.

Graphic Illustrations of the Life and Times of Dr. Johnson. Part I. with Six Plates, super-royal 8vo. 3s. 6d.

NEW ANNUAL DEPARTMENT TO AGRICULTURE, GARDENING, HORTICULTURE, &c.
 In the press, and to be published during the month of October, in small 8vo. price 12s. bound.

BAXTER'S AGRICULTURAL AND HORTICULTURAL ANNUAL, for 1836, containing all the valuable Discoveries and Improvements made in Farming, Gardening, and Rural Economy, during the past Year.
 "The Work will be embellished with a Frontispiece of the numerous of Sheep of the South Down, printed by Mr. G. Baxter, in his new-invented Art in Oil Colours."

Also, just published, the 3rd edition of
Baxter's Library of Agricultural and Horticultural Knowledge. Neatly bound with roan back and lettered, price 2s. 6d.

"May be correctly described as one of the best collections of articles connected with Agriculture and its sister arts, that has ever been published."—*Quarterly Journal of Agriculture*, &c. &c.
 Mantell's Floriculture, price 5s. 6d.

Baxter's Farmer's Account Book. Prices: 12. 1s. 6d.; 4to, 12s. 6d.; or in three Parts, 7s. 6d. each.

Horsefield's History of Sussex, 2 vols. royal 4to, price 6l. 6s. Only 50 copies of this Work on hand. Upwards of 500 Engravements.
 London: Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.; Baxter and Son, Lewes.

IN MONTHLY VOLUMES, WITH SPLENDID ILLUSTRATIONS.

DR. SOUTHEY'S EDITION OF COWPER'S WORKS. Early in October will be published, in Volumes of the size and appearance of SCOTT, BYRON, CRABBE, and EDGEWORTH, price 5s. each, the First Volume of

COWPER'S WORKS, including his TRANSLATIONS and CORRESPONDENCE; carefully revised, collated, and edited.

By ROBERT SOUTHEY, Esq., L.L.D.
 The first volume contains a portion of the LIFE OF THE POET, by the EDITOR. Illustrated with a richly-engraved Portrait of Cowper, an exquisite Vignette by Goodall, and a Portrait of the Poet's Mother, beautifully engraved by H. Robinson.

"The superior attractions of this Edition are the following:—

A NEW LIFE OF THE POET by SOUTHEY.

A CAREFUL REVISION OF all COWPER'S WORKS, both Prose and Verse, collated with the best editions (those always being selected that were printed under the sanction of the author, or the Original Letters, entrusted by the owners to the accomplished Editor.

AN ADDITION OF UPWARDS OF ONE HUNDRED LETTERS, never before printed in any shape, and of the most interesting description, addressed chiefly to his Cousin, Lady Hesketh, to whom his most beautiful letters were always written. LETTERS PUBLISHED in His Grace's Life, EXAMINED WITH THE ORIGINALS, IN THE HANDS OF DR. SOUTHEY, and passages restored, that, either from error in judgment, or reasons connected with individuals then living, were left out by Haverly; many of which passages are important, and highly illustrative of the mind of Cowper.

THE EARLY POEMS (exclusively copyright), addressed by the Poet to his Cousin, Theodore Cooper (to whom he was attached), a Sister of Lady Hesketh.

Dr. SOUTHEY will introduce into the Life of the Poet much of the LITERARY HISTORY OF ENGLAND DURING HALF A CENTURY, with BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES of many of his CONTEMPORARIES; and a LIFE OF COWPER'S intimate Friend NEWTON, with another of MADAME GILSON.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS will be of the most finished description, executed by the first Artists of the country, from original drawings, and the NAME OF THE ACTUAL ENGRAVER OF EACH PLATE WILL ALWAYS BE GIVEN.

A FINE PORTRAIT will be given in each Volume of this Work, besides a richly-engraved Frontispiece and Vignette; MAKING THREE ILLUSTRATIONS, instead of two, the usual number in such publications.

The Work will be printed by Whittingham, in his best manner, on a new type cast expressly for this Edition, and the paper will be of the finest quality; the binding will be neat and ornamental.

Preparing for publication, in Monthly Parts, price 2s. 6d. each.

Illustrations to Southey's Edition of Cowper's Works, consisting of superbly engraved Landscapes, from drawings of actual scenery, and Authentic Portraits of the Author's Contemporaries and Friends.
 London: Baldwin and Cradock, Paternoster-row.

MRS. VINCENT'S GOWLAND'S

LOTION delightfully improves and beautifies the Complexion, and renders the Skin fair, soft, and transparent. It instantly removes Pimples, Spots, Redness, and every coarse and unpleasant appearance, and, by a little constancy, imparts and preserves the most delicate beauty. Gentlemen, after the use of the razor, will experience its grateful properties.—Sold in Smart Bottles, 3s. 6d.; 2s. 6d.; 1s. 6d.; Half Pint, 2s. 9d. by all respectable Perfumers, Medicine Vendors, and Druggists in Europe and America. Observe the signature, M. E. Vincent, on the label on every bottle, without which it is not genuine.

